



Atlantic Insight



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Doctors in every Atlantic province grumble about their incomes. Some are getting out, and our medical care system may be in trouble. By Amy Zierler



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Cover Story: If actress Flo Paterson was not born in Newfoundland, a critic wrote, the province should make her an honorary citizen. No need. She was born in Newfoundland. By Marilyn MacDonald. Cover photo by David Nichols



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Colleen Thompson of Fredericton makes a quick get-away to Montreal and finds that, despite what you've heard about hardening French attitudes, it remains a fine city to visit

June 1979, Vo. 1 No. 3



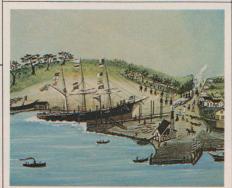
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For courageous yachtsmen, two P.E.I. sailors are promoting the first race all the way 'round the Island. It's close to 400 miles. By Kennedy Wells



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Strange, primitive paintings have adorned the walls of a barn in Hantsport since the last century. Now, with the help of Karen Casselman, *Atlantic Insight* gives them their first public showing

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EPA salutes the people of Atlantic Canada.



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Editor's Letter

A "slick" magazine is a good magazine

was up in Ottawa, clutching copies of Atlantic Insight's first issue; trying not to let the sweat of my hands dampen the sleek perfection of a single cover; pressing free magazines on every eastcoast politician and journalist I could find; and, like a father pointing through hospital glass at his first child, standing back to accept the praise no sensitive friend could refuse. Then, I made a mistake. I submitted to a radio interview. The interviewer was a fast-talking dude with a moustache. He'd apparently been just about everywhere except down east. He leafed through the magazine too violently, and I wanted to tell him that was no way to handle a baby. Then, on air, he said, "Hey, hey, hey, lookin' good, lookin' good. But tell me, Harry, don't you think this is too slick for the folks down home?"

I said, "No, I don't" Here's what I should have said:

"You clod, how come you think Maritimers and Newfoundlanders have a peculiar love of mediocrity? What's 'slick,' anyway? I'll tell you. 'Slick' is pulling together the best photography you can find in a region with a coast-line that's three times as long as the entire breadth of Canada. 'Slick' is good paper, and trying to give those photos color reproduction that's as crisp as any you'll find in any general-interest magazine in the world. 'Slick' is sitting down on June 1 to begin to plan two

dozen stories from four provinces for publication two months later. It's assigning the stories, hounding writers to get them, editing them, retyping them, re-editing them, typesetting them, proof-reading them at least three times, writing heads, rewriting heads to make them fit, writing captions, rewriting captions and, then in some cases, scrapping a story and starting all over again.

"And that, friend, is merely the beginning of 'slick." It's also making dummy page-layouts and, after that, assembling the final proofs of the 'body copy,' the heads, the captions, the photos, the photo credits, the bylines, and the tiny anchors that signify a story ending, and meticulously pasting all this stuff down on cardboard 'flats.' 'Slick' is clean page design. It's getting the 'flats' out to the airport on time for their flight to the photo-processing that precedes printing and, if you ever want to see a slick panic, drop down to our office just before a midnight deadline.

"'Slick' is reporting to work on Saturdays and Sundays, and it's waking up at night to hope readers won't notice the irrevocable mistake that somehow slithered through the entire production maze. 'Slick' may even be the warm, little office parties the publisher remembers to throw each time we deliver another cherished babe. Being 'slick,' as you so thoughtlessly put it, simply



means being good, and being good means worrying about the details of being good. Atlantic Canadians are no less capable than anyone else of grasping that truth, and my proof is that our circulation is going like gangbusters."

Well, that's what I might have said to the Ottawa disc jockey but the right answer always comes too late. In case my fantasy answer sounds like bragging on behalf of our staff (which it certainly is), I concede that Atlantic Insight is still far from perfect. But the issue you're holding is only our third, and it's profitable. Hallelujah! We're not too slick for the folks down home.

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Letters

It is surprising that in *Here Come* the Hawks, the AHL's Latest (April), your sports writer should goof in saying the N.B. Hawks are New Brunswick's first professional hockey club. The Moncton Victorias were in a professional hockey league, and a very good one, before the First World War. It was the only Maritime team ever to play in a Stanley Cup series.

J.E. Belliveau Shediac, N.B.

I wish to congratulate you on the publication of your new magazine, Atlantic Insight. The first issue was first-class and holds out the promise of an interesting, informative and valuable addition to the regional media.

D. Owen Carrigan President Saint Mary's University Halifax, N.S.

Read your first issue and must congratulate you regarding your "insight" for what Atlantic Canadians want to read. Atlantic Insight is well organized and maintains a balance regarding the length of articles and subject matter. It covers a broad scope of interest and as one reader from Mt. Carmel, Nfld., stated "We like a little class." I think we've got it in this new magazine.

B. Moreton

Just finished reading the first copy of your new magazine. Enjoyed by all. Good luck.

Margaret Rogers Oxford, N.S.

Congratulations on the first edition of your magazine. Keep up the good work.

W. Bell Fredericton, N.B.

May I congratulate you on the excellence of *Atlantic Insight* both in content and presentation. I feel sure that if future issues equal the first there should be no difficulty in attracting a wide readership.

John M. Buchanan Premier Halifax, N.S.

Both Atlantic Insight (Around the World, Flogging "Anne," April), and Macleans's have called the text of the Anne coloring book a précis or synopsis, which mean a summary. Enough is enough; Anne is an adaptation.

Molly Hughes Saint John, N.B. Congratulations on your first issue. It looks great! Your editorial content, which is the most important part of the magazine, is excellent.

Robert G. Smith Montreal, P.Q.

I found your first issue to be informative and refreshingly honest in its approach. Keep up the good work, especially in your coverage of Cape Breton, "the home of the newsmakers."

Manning MacDonald Mayor Sydney, N.S.

I read my first copy of Atlantic Insight from cover to cover and pronounced it the best periodical on the Atlantic scene for many, many years. You've certainly managed to set the right style.

Brenda Large Halifax, N.S.

In Would You Believe It! (April), you say Canada's first air wedding took place over Charlottetown in 1934. Not so. Once in the air it was noted that the happy couple were from Nova Scotia with a Nova Scotia licence and couldn't be married over Charlottetown. So pilot Walter Fowler simply flew the big Fairchild monoplane over Pictou Island, N.S., where the wedding took place.

Max MacLeod New Glasgow, N.S.

Camp strikes nerve

I never thought I'd see it—an actually newsy Atlantic region magazine. Bravo! Dalton Camp struck a nerve—one attached to the humorous bone, though—in his article on Maritimer's "guilty little secret" (April): That we want our slower, cosier way of life even though it comes with lower wages and higher prices. And, truly, outward migration from this region "never did trouble Maritimers, only their politicians."

Kate Dunn Charlottetown, P.E.I.

It really is time for a publication of this nature in the Atlantic provinces and the tone was especially appreciated up here in Upper Canada. I have taken great pleasure in showing Camp's article, *The Secret of Stonehenge: Maritimers Built It...*(April), to a number of people, and there is a glimmering of understanding on the horizon as to why I want to come back to Halifax.

David R. Jones Toronto, Ontario I've just finished reading your first issue of *Atlantic Insight*—excellent! A giant step forward in Maritime insight and solidarity.

E.M. Skinner Sydney, N.S.

Congratulations. This looks like a good, necessary Atlantic magazine.

John and Allison Andcrasson St. Eustache, P.Q.

You have captured my undying support as you have captured that Atlantic "feel." I loved everything and, like a good novel, never put it down till I had read it all.

Rita Offer Wilmot, P.E.I.

The whole issue is a delight. It stacks up well against any of the national or international magazines on the newsstands in graphics, layout, advertising and especially contents. And it's Atlantic Canadian too!

Jim MacNeill Montague, P.E.I.

May you grow and prosper in a region which deserves good things, but which often does not realize that those good things must be supported. I hope you will continue to recognize women and youth as an integral part of our existence and temper—most Canadian magazines seem to see them as amusements of no major consequence.

Judy Pelletier Dartmouth, N.S.

I have just finished reading Atlantic Insight and I have to tell you I've been waiting for a long time to receive a magazine which pertains so much to the Atlantic region. It's even a treat to see Atlantic advertising. The whole magazine is just great.

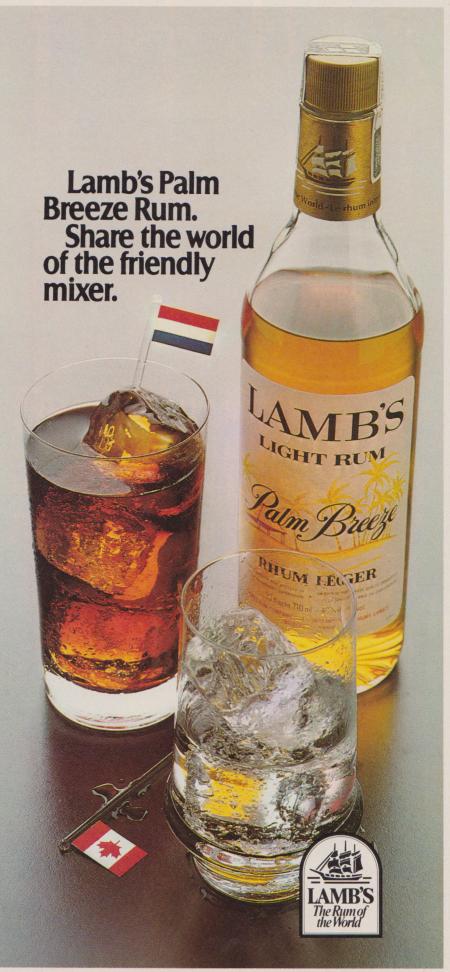
Robert W. Hanson Goose Bay, Labrador

May I congratulate you on Atlantic Insight. I am proud to be a charter subscriber. I particularly enjoyed the article Say Goodbye to Cheap Energy (April), by Ralph Surette.

Elaine Mont Springhill, N.S.

We must know our accomplishments and ourselves in Atlantic Canada if we are to have the confidence to do what we are capable of doing. Atlantic Insight will be a great help, if you can maintain the quality. Don't forget to remind us of our major contributions in technology.

J. Clair Callaghan President Nova Scotia Technical College Halifax, N.S.



The Region

Medicare blues

A problem child approaches a stormy adolescence

n the spring, when a medicare crisis was erupting in Ontario, the atmosphere in the Atlantic provinces was cooler. While the national press, politicians and labor groups were flogging central Canadian physicians for dropping out of the government insurance plan in unprecedented numbers, east-coast doctors were telling us not to worry, it wasn't happening here.

But, in fact, the signals on medicare coming from doctors in this region are as mixed as they are from the rest of the country. Now 11 years old, the Canadian health insurance system—coveted by liberal U.S. Congressmen, avoided by the American Medical Association—is leaving its childhood. And earlywarning symptoms point to a troubled

adolescence on the way.

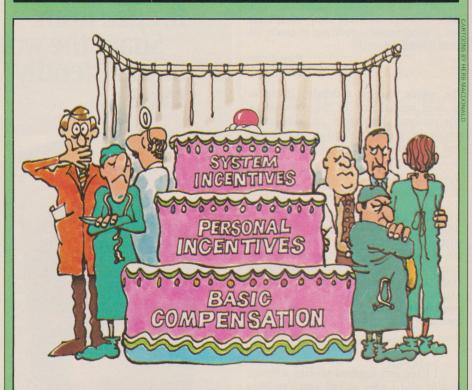
Noises made in one part of the country reverberate in other areas because the public health system is tied together first by the federal government, which keeps standards in line with national objectives and second by the Canadian Medical Association, which helps individual medical societies plot negotiation strategies.

Thus when the Medical Society of Nova Scotia sent the provincial legislature a chilly brief this spring, its report of "general physician dissatisfaction



GP Davis: Doctors' incomes must keep up

with their lot," wasn't totally unrelated to what was happening elsewhere. Nova Scotia physicians' net, pre-tax incomes were just above the national average of \$48,000 in 1976. In the Atlantic provinces, only Prince Edward Island doctors earn less than the national average, and throughout the region physicians have generally made gains on the national level since universal medical insurance began. In Ontario, by contrast, physicians have lost some ground, which may be one reason discontent is more pronounced there.



Lee's "layer cake" of payments:

Doctors won't bite

n this business you hear a lot of words like 'principle,' 'ethics' and 'professional responsibility.' Most of them are really spelled m-o-n-e-y." Dr. Sidney S. Lee, on the medical faculty of McGill University in Montreal and spare-time critic of his peers, says the fee-for-service method of paying doctors which dominates provincial medical insurance plans rewards abuse and neglects ability.

Lee has had a proposal for a mixture of several methods of payment for doctors on the drawing board for the last 10 years. He calls it the three-layered cake. One layer is basic compensation (the same for all doctors in a given area, but making up only about half their income). Next comes a layer of personal incentives: Specific payments for education, experience, extra responsibilities, productivity or even for locating in an under-serviced area or taking up a needed specialty. On top there's a layer of "system incentives" which would reward groups of physicians for achieving collectively established goals, such as reducing the length of time patients spend in hospitals.

Lee's cake has never been sampled. He's distressed by recent flare-ups in the doctor controversy, especially in Ontario where some 18% of physicians have dropped out of the health insurance plan. "I think there's a real hazard that the profession will succeed in busting the system." In Quebec, he notes, where patients cannot collect for services from opted-out doctors, things are more stable. "Most of the provincial governments have not had the guts to set a price for opting out."



The Region

Behind the Nova Scotia society's brief was a request for increases to about 45 items among the hundreds in its fee schedule. Almost every medical society in the country, including all in the Atlantic region, has been renegotiating payment arrangements with governments annually since anti-inflation controls and their aftermath gave organized medicine a taste of the frustrations of organized labor. "We realize we can't argue in public about money,' says Dr. Phil Davis, a Halifax general practitioner. "But either we have a social democratic system or we don't. Legislate medical insurance, fine, but make sure what comes out of it is no less equitable for physicians than what other sectors of society are allowed." Although they never wanted it and don't like to admit it, medical societies are looking more and more like unions all the time.

f the incidences of opting-out and extra-billing indicate how unhappy physicians are, however, Atlantic Canada has been the place to get sick. In

Nova Scotia, where the insurance plan physicians 85% of the medical society's suggested fees, extra-billing amounts to less than 2% of all payments, down from 7% when MSI began. In New Brunswick, the Department Health pays 100% of the medical society's fees, but doctors can still Ellis: An Island "workaholic" contemplates extra-billing

opt out for any individual patient or service and bill directly for additional fees. Extra-billing is illegal in Newfoundland, and in the whole region only a handful of physicians have opted out of provincial plans.

Dut things are changing. There are Dreports from P.E.I. of a surge of extra-billing this year. Nova Scotia doctors say they are starting to bill their



patients more frequently. New Brunswick, which already suffers from the lowest physician-patient ratio in Canada, ended fiscal 1979 with only two more doctors than it started with, while in previous years it has had a net gain of 15 or 30 physicians a year.

What's going on? In the early years of universal medical insurance, rural doctors found the guarantee of 85% of their bills quite an improvement

Go south, young doctor

i, I'm representing Texas and Louisiana and we're looking for family practitioners and general surgeons." You can almost smell the azaleas blooming as those rich southern tones go on about low taxes, high incomes and no frost in the land where free enterprise is still sacred and even hospitals can turn a profit.

The Medical Society of Nova Scotia says more than 20 Canadiantrained physicians left the province for the U.S. last year, up from 12 the year before. Other provinces report similar trends. If snags in government-run insurance plans sow the seeds of discontent, there's plenty of fertilizer coming from a handful of American companies who specialize in recruiting doctors, mostly for community hospitals in the fast-growing Sun Belt.

Louisville, Kentucky-based Humana



("the hospital company" with 100 private hospitals around the U.S.) made another trip to Atlantic Canada recently and attracted dozens of doctors to their information-receptions. Most were just curious, but a few nibbled. It was no accident that Humana chose to recruit at Halifax and St. John's, where the region's two medical schools are cranking out over 100 new doctors each year. Recent graduates have been Humana's best source of doctors.

They don't just go for the money. | five."

They're looking adventure, for and their place in the sun. It's not easy for a small-town kid to go back home to practise, after spending the last eight or 10 years studying in the city. And there's not always room for him. One senior medical student at Dalhousie originally from Kentville, says he'd like to go home to work but there are 40 physicians serving 25,000 people in that area. "In New Boston, Texas, which is the same size, I'd be doctor number

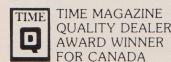
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The Region

over getting paid for maybe a quarter of their work, plus some turnips. Many urban physicians, on the other hand, had been collecting as much as 90% or 100% of their bills through private in-



Ex-MLA Ritcey: Doctors must pull up socks

surance plans to which their patients subscribed. For them, medicare meant a cut in pay unless they could make up the difference through extra-billing.

"Personally, I'm not extra-billing at all, but I know it is more prevalent now," says Dr. Kent Ellis who has been the family doctor in Hunter River, P.E.I., for 20 years. "If there's no dramatic change in our fee schedule after this year's negotiations, I will be doing it." Fifteen miles from the nearest hospital, Ellis puts at least 30,000 miles a year on a leased car making house calls and averages 70-80 hours of work a week. "I'm a workaholic," he says, "but I think I'd starve if I only worked 48 hours a week."

There are those who feel physicians collecting money beyond the prepaid insurance plans are a threat to the integrity of the system. Gerald Ritcey,

former Nova Scotia MLA and a minister in the Stanfield government which brought the province into medicare, is among them. "I don't intend to keep quiet while doctors try to justify extrabilling," says Ritcey, "They've got to pull up their socks. It's time for them to smarten up and look back over the 10 wonderful years."

Those 10 wonderful years have brought changes, including greater gaps between interpretations of what medicare is supposed to be. Nova Scotia NDP leader Jeremy Akerman calls it socialized medicine and says doctors should not be able to drop out without a penalty. N.S. Medical society president Dr. B.J. Steele calls it an insurance plan in which that kind of control doesn't belong. They hardly seem to be talking about the same system, which says a lot about the tensions within it. Amy Zierler

So what's wrong with salaries for doctors?



Though doctors consider salaries unprofessional, they're the method Newfoundland uses to pay about 40% of its physicians. It's an exceptional situation, set up to staff that province's pre-medicare cottage hospital system. Elsewhere, medical practitioners on salary are a rare breed.

"The anti-salary sentiment is part of the medical makeup," says Dr. Joe Johnson. As the salaried director of Dalhousie University's health service, he has no complaints but recognizes his colleagues' insistence on fee schedules: "I can understand how they would think that, but personally I would not be happy that way. To me, there's something immoral about making money from people's sickness and tragedy."

It's doctors' sometimes inflated expectations which are making them miserable, says Johnson, although society is often more than an innocent bystander. He remembers how the real estate agent disapproved of the modest house on the modest street he and his family wanted to buy. "When you look at the scale of fame in medicine, student health doesn't rate very high. I have famous friends, and I see their children here in my office, and I see what's happened to them," he says. "I've got time to read some books and play the French horn, time to do things other than medicine. Who's successful?'

A message to employers in the Atlantic Provinces:

Important changes to the Unemployment Insurance

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After May 1, an improved form will provide better control over UI claims. And it will help us evaluate claims more quickly and accurately than ever.

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The Record is the form all employers must issue to employees when there is a break in employment. (Years ago, it was called the "separation certificate"). We can't process a claim for UI benefits without a Record.

As a result of discussions with employers from all across Canada, we have improved the Record of Employment form to save time and money for both you and us-and to provide fast service to our claimants.

This more efficient form was field-tested last year with selected employers, who suggested further improvements.

More precise payments. With these improvements, the people at Unemployment Insurance will now be able to tell more quickly and precisely how much each claimant should get in benefits—and for how long.

That way, claimants will get *all* their UI benefits-but no more-with fewer delays.

Saves you time and money. The revised Record of Employment form gives us precise information. So it's much less likely we'll have to phone you to clear up questions.

It offers you more space to fill in the information we need yet it's still all on one page.

And the form can be completed by computer, as well as by hand or by typewriter.

Just read the guide. After May 1, 1979, the old-style form should not be used. Your payroll department will soon be getting an orderform for the new Records.

When you first order, you will get both the new forms and the guide called *How to complete the Record of Employment*.

It's easy to follow, but if you have any further questions after reading it, the people at your local Canada Employment Centre (Unemployment Insurance) will be pleased to help out.

Only your firm may use your forms. Each of the improved Record of Employment forms has its own serial number. They are now logged out to one employer only.

So you must not lend forms to fellow employers or allow anyone else to use forms issued to you.

For people in fishing. If you employ people who fish for a living either year-round or seasonally, the form you use is different.

You should order either the Record of Employment: Yearround Fishermen (if you own or operate a designated vessel), or the Record of Employment: Seasonal Fishermen.

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Canadä

New Brunswick

Dairy shuffle creams taxpayers. Again

But at least it won't drive up the price of milk. For now

hen Capital Co-operative Ltd. dairies of Fredericton went sour last winter, investors cried over \$1.5 million in spilt milk; Perfection Foods Ltd. of Charlottetown squeezed out the New Brunswick Milk Marketing Board as first in line to build a proposed industrial milk plant; Sussex Cheese and Butter Co. Ltd. melted into the arms of Baxter Dairies Ltd. of Saint John; and the New Brunswick taxpayer got creamed. (So what else is new?)

The demise of Capital dates from 1974 when it entered the Saint John market after Baxter's absorbed General Dairies. The entry cost was \$5 for a New Brunswick Milk Products Commission licence, but there was a slight extra charge of \$600,000 to buy Kingshurst Dairies of Rothesay, which had the rights to this licence. Capital borrowed the money and the provincial govern-

ment guaranteed the loan.

By 1977, Capital was on the brink of collapse, and the government stepped in with \$2.1 million. Shareholders—approximately 750, many of them farmers—had to ante up \$1 for every \$10 loaned. When the company defaulted last February, it was \$5 million in the hole. Says Capital president Dow S. Goodine: "We had problems. Metric conversion came along and it was expensive. We needed advice and we went to the government, but they couldn't give it. We ended up hiring expensive consultants who gave us a lot of advice, all of which wasn't very good." The shareholders lost \$1.5 million.

Commerce and Development Minister Gerald Merrithew says the government made the loan to save 200 jobs and a dairy vital to central New Brunswick farmers. Total taxpayer outlay approaches \$3 million. The government feels its action kept Capital alive until its sale to Perfection. After the bankruptcy, both Perfection and Baxter's were among the bidders. A government order-in-council says the selling price to Perfection was \$750,000, plus a \$200,000-bond to guarantee construction of a new plant within three years.

The new plant would produce both fluid milk in cartons and industrial milk, which includes butter and skim milk powder. Last November, the New Brunswick Milk Marketing Board proposed building a \$5-million plant with

a DREE grant, a \$3-million provincial government mortgage, and \$1 million from the farmers themselves. Whether there would be enough surplus milk for an industrial milk plant is a contentious issue; New Brunswick is nowhere near filling its nationally set quota. Yet when big surpluses occur during the summer, these must be shipped out at an annual cost to the marketing board of \$300,000.

When Baxter's bid for Capital was scorned, it got control of the shaky Sussex company and, for the first time, moved into butter. The 900 farmer-investors got 65 cents on the dollar, and there's an outstanding \$400,000 government loan. The Sussex company had waited in vain for a law enabling it to sell a butter-margarine mixture that has been a winner in Nova Scotia. A Sussex town businessman recalls that when Sussex company president Frank Baxendale spoke at the Rotary Club last year, "He told us how 'four-fifths' would be



Baxter dislikes government involvement

Merrithew: He wanted to save jobs



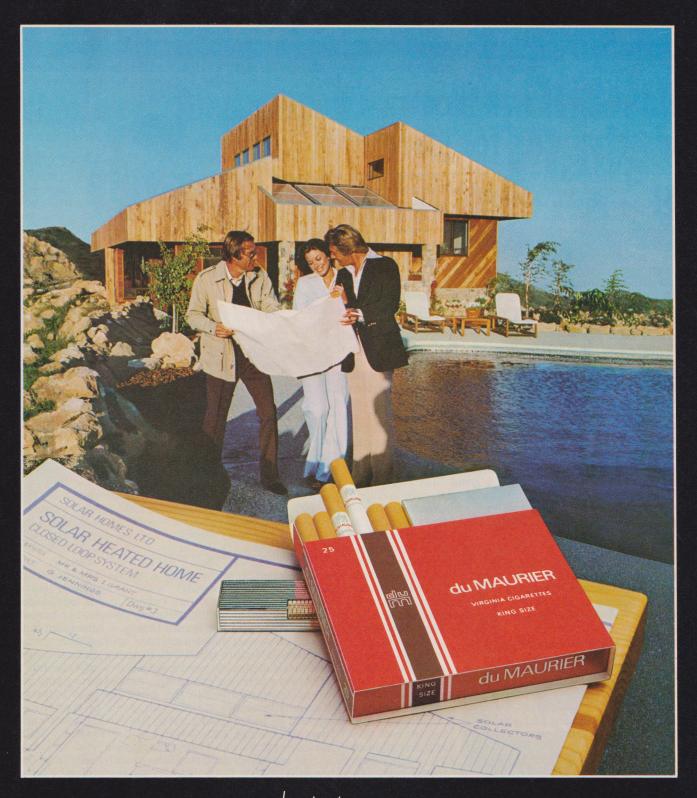
the future of the company. In December I got a letter from them asking me if I would accept in settlement 80% of the money they owed me. I didn't think I'd get anything so I jumped at it. But I felt—just for a moment—like asking Baxendale if this was the four-fifths he was referring to."

Malcolm R. Baxter, president of Baxter's, dislikes government involvement in the milk business: "The government gave money to Capital and Sussex a few years ago to the detriment of both companies. They were both in financial difficulties but, when they got an infusion of money, they went out and tried to clobber each other with it.' He bristles at any suggestion he accepted a \$400,000 loan guarantee during the General Dairies takeover. "I asked the government to guarantee a loan to General Dairies. They said they would if I would in turn guarantee them. In actual fact, I received nothing. There is only \$100,000 left on that loan, and if it keeps being thrown in my face, I may just go out and pay it all off at once."

The corporate shuffling won't affect the price of milk because the commission sets this, and also decrees the minimum return to the producer. Rival companies compete for shelf space, and they may offer retailers "specials" on ice cream or other frozen foods to get it. Baxter's is a past master at such tactics. A Saint John supermarket manager: "When Baxter's comes in here, they're professionals. They know what they're doing. When the others come in, they're amateurs. That's why Baxter's makes it and the others

don't. You can see it."

Whether the complex provincially controlled fluid-milk system and the federally controlled industrial-milk system are the best from the consumer's standpoint is a matter of doubt. There were great howls when large skim-milk surpluses went to eastern Europe at a third the price Canadians were forced to pay. Moreover, the short-lived federal Centre for the Study of Inflation and Productivity said Canadian dairy policy was a disaster for consumers, farmers and the economy. It recommended a cutback in milk production and importation of cheap butter. The Centre's recommendations were totally ignored, and some observed that India isn't the only country in which cows are sacred. - Jon Everett



du Maurier for people with a taste for something better



Newfoundland

Has Bill Rowe blown his chances for good?

Bill Rowe was on top of the world that Saturday night in October, 1977, as he gloated on the stage at the stuffy St. John's Arts and Culture Centre. Ecstatic supporters bellowed his name. After a bitter leadership contest, he had wrested power in the Liberal party from Ed Roberts. Now, he could contemplate the prospect of heading the next

government of Newfoundland and Labrador.

But his fortunes have taken a 360-degree turn. Today, Rowe faces another leadership fight, and it could toss him into political oblivion. With much of his caucus disgruntled by his leadership—and particularly by his handling of a police report on a fire in a cabinet minister's apartment—Rowe himself called for a leadership review. The party executive quickly agreed. Even if Rowe manages a victory at that July 7 convention, he'll still face an uphill battle against Brian Peckford, the new premier and Tory leader. Peckford must find it hard to disguise his delight at Rowe's misfortunes.

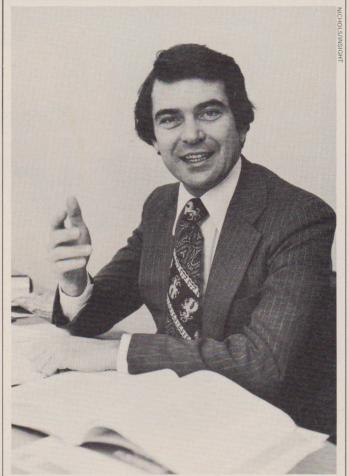
A Smallwood protégé who'd entered politics at 26, Rowe looked anything but a loser after that '77 convention. Now 37, a lawyer who'd resigned his seat in '74 (supposedly to further his education in Europe), he won his way back into the House of Assembly in a byelection shortly after his leadership victory. And it was a grand time to lead the Opposition. Frank Moores and his cronies were making a shambles of everything; Rowe and his crowd had merely to sit back and chuckle as the Tories embroiled themselves in one controversy after another. It wasn't that Rowe was doing a magnificent job. To say the public viewed him as pompous is an understatement. He appeared as a well-dressed, impeccably groomed robot. His tiresome speeches and press conferences became more and more predictable. Still, he was an alternative to Moores and many voters thought that, although Rowe was nothing to write home about, he might at least be able to lead them out of Tory doldrums of unemployment, inflation and scandal.

Alittle less than a year ago, however, some began to question Rowe's leadership abilities. Did he, after all, have the talent to head a government? It wasn't that he'd drastically changed his political approach. It was just that his bellicose house leader, Steve Neary, and his finance critic, Roger Simmons, were overshadowing him. It was they who were pumping the Moores cabinet for information on the scandals that rocked the Tories. Rowe took a back seat as Simmons used his chairmanship of the Public Accounts Committee to unearth Tory dirt, and Neary tabled affidavits in the legislature alleging Tory wrong-doing. Was Rowe apprehensive about leading his troops directly into the battle? Had he decided that Neary and Simmons should sink or swim with their charges?

After that, came the leaking of confidential police reports that dealt with the infamous fire in April, '78, at the plush Elizabeth Towers apartment building, home of

Industrial Development Minister Tom Farrell.

The investigation into the fire—known to have started in Farrell's apartment—dragged on until the bubble burst in late September. Local media then published confidential police reports that concluded Farrell had deliberately set the fire. But after a preliminary inquiry, the arson case against Farrell,



Rowe: His next stop could be political oblivion

who had been beset by political problems and had resigned

from cabinet, was dropped.

Rowe first said he had received copies of the police report and had passed it on to his advisers, but he denied distributing it to the press. During a subsequent public inquiry, however, he admitted that he was, in fact, responsible for the leak to the media. To protect the confidence he had established with news personnel, he said, he had lied about his role in the affair. Now, rumors sprung up that the Liberal caucus wanted to give Rowe the boot and, though the party executive did give him a vote of confidence, he decided he had no choice but to call for a leadership convention. He was, he said, "quite prepared to let my political future rest in the hands of the convention."

It seemed certain that Neary—who had pushed Rowe over the hump in the 1977 leadership convention by supporting him on the fourth ballot—would compete on July 7. Whether Ed Roberts would take on Rowe again, however, was doubtful. No matter how much private satisfaction Roberts may have derived from Rowe's troubles, he knows the winner of the Liberal convention will have a tough time in the next election. For Roberts, who lost two elections as

Liberal leader, that prospect is not appealing.

A fresh face could be just what Liberals want, a politi-

cian who might turn the party's dismal fortunes around and at least give it half a chance of taking Peckford. Or—despite everything that has recently gone on—the Liberals might yet decide to give Rowe a chance to redeem himself in a provincial election. That, however, does not

seem likely.

- Bob Wakeham

Prince Edward Island

What next, Angus MacLean?

Telling Islanders where you'll lead them, maybe?

linking owlishly into the television Cameras on election night in Charlottetown, Angus MacLean seemed unprepared for victory. He had just led the Island Tories out of 13 years in the wilderness and back into power, with a smashing 21-11 majority. Yet the new premier managed to look more like a loser groping for explanations of defeat than a winner celebrating his triumph.

But MacLean's political past has contained far more wins than losses. Campbell's Alex Liberals squeaked by him in the 1978 provincial election, it was only MacLean's third defeat since he entered political life in 1945. Even that loss was a kind of victory, shattering the myth of Campbell's invincibility and helping drive him into retirement at 45.

What brought MacLean and the Tories to power in April? Part of the reason lies in a shift in the Island electorate which now has a larger percentage of over-65 voters than any other province in Canada. MacLean, 65, two decades older than Alex Campbell, three decades older than Bennett Campbell, the man he defeated, obviously pleased those older voters. beyond his age, MacLean's rumpled grandfatherly image and unpolished, even bumbling platform style made him a convincing exponent of the "back to basics" appeal the Conservatives made. The electorate was weary of Liberal planning and nostalgic for the days when, it seemed, Islanders were more self-reliant and selfsufficient.

Some thought MacLean, once Fisheries minister in a Diefenbaker government, was really seeking retirement when he returned to lead the Island Tories in '76 after 25 years in federal politics and 10 successive election victories. His leadership campaign was so low-key it seemed halfhearted, at least to anyone who didn't recognize the hallmark of his previous campaign successes.

His early months as leader disappointed those who'd hoped for an all-out attack on the Grits. MacLean left the sharpest criticisms of the government to others, appearing so indolent at times that there was speculation he'd switched from farming sheep to blueberries because blueberries don't

move. His style remained unchanged in the '78 campaign, leaving voters to choose between his homespun, almost amateurish appeal and Alex Campbell's well-oiled bandwagon. At a meeting in O'Leary he read one page of his speech twice, then, as his writers winced, skipped another page.

After the '78 election, MacLean

flung down no gauntlets before a government clinging to power with a bare majority. But when Bennett Campbell called the election, the Conservatives were better prepared than the Liberals. While the Tories rolled smoothly toward polling day in wellworn grooves, the belatedly aware government tried desperately to change its style to match MacLean's. This time it was the Grit campaign that was ostentatiously amateurish but it was too late. When it came to being down to earth, Bennett Campbell was no match for the old master.

What kind of premier have Islanders elected? There's no simple answer. Even after more than half a lifetime in politics. Angus MacLean remains an enigmatic and contradictory figure. No one could seem less ambitious. Yet after losing in the federal elections of '45 and '49 he returned to win a byelection in '51 and until his narrow provincial loss in '78 was never defeated again. Despite his seemingly casual approach to campaigning, organizers say he's aware of the minutest details. A war hero who escaped from occupied Europe when his bomber was shot down, he makes no mention of his war record in his approach to voters. His motherly wife and four grown children complete the family-man picture, but they're not part of his political style.

He's sincere about his commitment to strengthening the Island's small communities and re-emphasizing the role of primary industries. But if he has any plans for accomplishing his goals, he's kept them a secret from the electorate. Sincerity and honesty may not be enough to cope with issues such as the Maritime Energy Corporation and the final five-year phase of the P.E.I. Development Plan. However, as a long line of defeated political opponents would attest, it's always a grave mistake to underrate Angus MacLean.

- Kennedy Wells



Nova Scotia

Women are the new heavies in political headquarters

But in N.S. it doesn't mean big money

hey go by different titles: Executive director, provincial secretary, office manager. But basically, the jobs are the same; keeping the party together during elections, problem solving, being the "nuts and bolts" of the organization. Women have always done the legwork, stuffed the envelopes, made the tea for political parties, but now they're beginning to move into the backrooms, where the cigarette smoke is almost as heavy as the conversation. In Nova Scotia, they're running headquarters for all three partiesthough in some cases for less money than their male predecessors got.

The "backroom" for the Progressive Conservatives is a windowless office on the ninth floor of the Hollis building in downtown Halifax, where Audrey Harmer sips coffee from a styrofoam cup and talks about growing up in a staunch Tory family in Guysborough County. Or for the Liberals, a not-too-spacious office on the 10th floor of the Commerce building, with a view of Barrington Street, where Annette Palmer spends much of her time on the phone to members around the province. For the New Democrats, it's an office much plainer than the other two

on the fifth floor of the Atlantic Trust building, where Serena Renner has a typewriter table nearby, because she does much of her own typing.

Harmer and Renner, both 39,

have remarkably similar backgrounds. Both were born into political families, Harmer's N.S. Tory, Renner's N.B. Liberal. Harmer joined the Young PCs in 1965, at the same time as Opposition leader Joe Clark. In the late Sixties, both she and Renner became full-time youth organizers for the provincial Tories and Grits.

Harmer was hired by the PCs in 1967 and though her duties were mainly with youth, she also did some poll organization, helped out with Robert Stanfield's campaign, and ran the campaign office for former Guysborough MLA Angus MacIsaac in the 1969 byelection. "That gave me a chance to put everything I had learned to work," she says. Harmer left after the PCs fell from power in 1970, but worked for Stanfield in the '72 and '74 elections. She went back to the party full-time in February 1978, just as it was gearing up for the provincial election and moved into the position of office manager sent executive director Joe Clarke and office manager John Hickman over to Province House with the new premier.

Renner's political development wasn't as smooth. She came to Halifax in 1968, and was hired by the Liberal party in the summer of '69. She too was supposed to organize youth in the province, but got involved when the 1970 election was called. After the Liberal victory, she went to work fulltime for a cabinet minister, becoming steadily disaffected over the next two years: "I realized I'd been a socialist all my life and never known it." She became NDP leader Jeremy Akerman's administrative secretary in 1974, and provincial secretary of the party in '77.

ompared to Harmer and Renner, Palmer has had a short but full political life. Ten years their junior, she came from Houston, Scotland in 1970 to be a nanny in Montreal's Westmount area. Her boss was Rod Blaker, a candidate for the Liberals in Lachine-Lakeshore in the 1972 election. When Blaker was re-elected in 1974, Palmer went to work as his assistant. It was a good preparation for January 1976, when she became assistant to Deputy Prime Minister Allan MacEachen.

Garrulous and outgoing, Palmer has a knack for meeting and remembering people. Another Liberal party worker says she's brilliant in that way. "Whenever we have a problem, she knows who to call. She has tremendous contacts both in and out of government." Palmer came to Nova Scotia earlier this year to help with the Liberal annual last September, after the Tory victory | meeting. She was asked to stay on as

Grits' Palmer: Garrulous, outgoing, she knows who to call

Tories' Harmer: A good organizer who gets along with people



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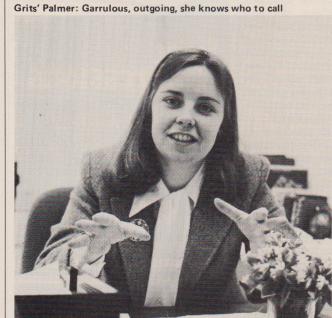
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Renner of

acting executive director, but one Grit worker doubts she'll ever be more: "The Liberals would never make a woman executive director permanently."

For all three women the job is essentially organizational. They must be able to solve problems on the spot, make snap decisions on a day-to-day basis, and deal with personalities. Says a local reporter about Harmer: "She's a good organizer, but more importantly, she gets along well with people."

The person running headquarters is responsible for all the internal organization and administration of the party; she keeps the lines of communication open between constituency offices, the party leader and headquarters; she supervises a staff of three or four people, secretaries and/or field workers. Her direction comes from the party's executive; she doesn't have input into party policy, or at least no more than the average party member. Harmer and Palmer aren't even interested. Renner has political ambitions and will run for the NDP in the next New Brunswick election.

What about money? Harmer and Palmer won't say what they make, but each suspects it's less than the man before them made. Renner, whose predecessor was a woman, makes \$15,500 annually. "A paltry sum," she says. "You don't get a big salary from a volunteer organization."

"I've never carried the woman's banner," says Annette Palmer. "I have felt on occasion it's a drawback being a woman, but I've learned that if you fail at something you just keep trying until you get it right." None of the three women considers herself a feminist, but each, through her work, is opening doors previously closed to women.

- Sue Calhoun

NDP: A Grit turned socialist, with political ambitions



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Canada

Arabs can't buy efficiency in Ottawa

You want a good embassy site, sheik? You must be kidding

You've heard about the Saudis having all that oil. So you'd think they'd get respect—respect in the old Sicilian sense of the word. No favors, mind you. There are more Jews than

Arabs in Canada. But respect, considering that there is no Canadian pipeline to the Atlantic seaboard and the feds are getting chippy with parent Exxon and child Imperial about Atlan-

tic Canada's Venezuelan oil supplies. (Why do the feds bluster when the Atlantic provinces are concerned, toady when central Canada is involved? There, there, mustn't get paranoid again.)

Anyway, Ottawa has spent two years bringing Saudi Arabia to a boil. Nothing big. Fat City bureaucrats can bungle the big ones but, for a real snafu, give them a problem any clerk could clear up in minutes. (By the way, where have all the clerks gone? There's a small administrative unit in the Defence Department which a sergeant used to run. The armed forces have so many surplus senior officers, chiefly airmen, that a colonel runs it now.)

All Saudi Arabia wanted was a site on Sussex Drive for an embassy. Sussex Drive is the route between Parliament and the Governor-General's palace. Four countries have embassies or ambassadorial residences on it: Japan, France, South Africa and Britian. Even with overgrown External Affairs itself on Sussex (after our appalled diplomats submarined a government suggestion they set up office in Hull) there are still blocks of empty sites on the street.

The Saudis first suggested a federally owned site opposite the French embassy which, in turn, is next to 24 Sussex, where the prime minister lives and swims. One bureaucrat said, sure, by all means. Unfortunately for him, he had neglected Ottawa's raison-d'être, the committee. He had not consulted colleagues on an interdepartmental committee of federal landowners. All of a sudden, the site became a park in perpetuity, a vital piece of open space for future generations of Canadians. Up till then, it hadn't had a bench or picnic table on it.

The Saudis took this rebuff well, though there was cocktail-circuit grumbling that if France could be beside the prime minister of Canada, why couldn't Saudi Arabia be across the road from France? (The PM's and French embassy's gardens are so close that columnist George Bain once reported that Pearson peeked through the hedge at separatist pay-parades in the embassy backyard.)

Having removed the PM's home from any threat of trans-Sussex Islamic uncleanness, the bureaucrats went into

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deep thought and, in just a few months, discovered another site on Sussex. Again, the feds owned the land. Old people were living in one or two ancient houses on this property, but surely they could be moved in jig time. Some of these seniors, however, liked the neighborhood and didn't want to move. They found a champion quicker than you can say Sheik Yamani: The Liberal MP for Ottawa-Vanier, Jean-Robert Gauthier.

Well, by God, he wasn't having constituents thrown into the street to make room for Arabs. He was cheered to the rickety rafters. "If only it were the Israelis looking for a site," sighed one bureaucrat as the decision-makers caved in to Gauthier and slumped back to the Monopoly board.

What say, they said, we try Colonel By Drive. It's a southbound extension of Sussex which runs along the east bank of the Rideau Canal. A nice spot was selected opposite the German embassy on the west bank, and the Saudis went to have a look.

"What's that building next door?" one asked.

"Er, a manufacturing firm, very quiet."

"What does it make?"

"Er, bread."

Somehow, Colonel By doesn't have the same tone as Sussex. Back to the Monopoly set. Another site, again vacant, no old people, on Sussex. Just the ticket. By this time, well over a year has passed. Must act quickly. That's more like it, the Saudis said, the ambassador practising cheque-writing after the long wait. Sure, there was a cloud on the horizon, but it was no bigger than an infant's hand. Not to be considered, really. A new condominium on Sussex, close by the Saudi site, has rich, new tenants, including some rich, old bureaucrats. They wouldn't want their view spoiled by any tall Saudi embassy, now would they?

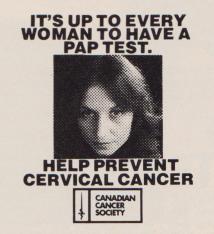
But back to the committee room, anyway, to draw up the formal agreement. The Saudis sign. The feds sign. The Saudis hire an architect. Bang on. A toast all round: Well done, chaps. But hold. Did the bureaucrats make a tiny error and put in the agreement a height allowance which contravenes a city bylaw—not to mention the wishes of the condominium-dwellers? More discussions with the apoplectic Saudis. At time of writing, the negotiations (and the Saudis) are still ticking away, ticking away.

— The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phanton is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.

Things are tough all over

Though Deputy Ministers up in Fat City (Ottawa) are among the highest-paid civil servants in the world, Treasury Board President Judd Buchanan recently announced pay boosts to give them still more money. Some raises were as much as \$100 per week; some DM's would now get \$78,700 a year. Still, Buchanan was sorry the hikes were so puny. Restraint, you know. He hoped senior civil servants would accept this "further sacrifice."





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Cover Story

How little Florence Nightingale (no kidding), grew up in

Newfoundland, got married, had babies, spent one night a week with other housewives and, one fine day, turned into

By Marilyn MacDonald

here is a radiant directness about the woman, an offering of contact without waiting to be asked. I know I wouldn't knowingly hurt anyone, say the eyes, and nothing tells me you aren't as human as I am. Malcolm Black, who'll bring her to Theatre New Brunswick for The Subject Was Roses in July, finds the same generosity in the actress: "She is not trying to

hide things when she's acting. Her image isn't foremost in her mind and that's rare in actresses, especially an actress of her age. She lets it all hang out and if some of it isn't beautiful, that's all right." She is Florence Paterson,

which is splendid.

Born in Newfoundland, she began acting with the St. John's Players and was chosen four times the province's best amateur actress. She has been with Neptune Theatre's company in Halifax since 1972, the year before she created the role of Mary Mercer, the Newfoundland mother in Of the Fields Lately, at Toronto's Tarragon Theatre. ACTRA nominated her four times as Canada's best dramatic performer in radio and television and she has appeared onstage at Montreal's Centaur Theatre, The Citadel in Edmonton, Vancouver Playhouse and the Stratford Festival. She is one of Canada's most talented appealing and most actresses.

George Nightingale, her father, came to St. John's The humanity of her acting—"a stunning thing to behold" from Liverpool before the

First World War as an apprentice mechanic. Marrying a girl from Petty Harbour, he built his own prosperous garage business and grew prominent in the city's affairs. When their third child and only daughter was born they were self-possessed enough to name her Florence, after female relations on both sides of the family, and with supreme indifference to history.

The father believed in community service and liked to design things. With nine-year-old Flo at her homework, across the dining room table, he drew

patterns suggesting an automatic traffic light system for the city. He organized school patrols and bought Sam Browne belts for the crossing guards. He became city councillor, deputy mayor and a member of Newfoundland's House of Assembly. At other times he made up skits, started sing-songs and amateur entertainments and created The Cycle Cop-a series of 15-minute radio programs which taught children about

traffic safety. George Nightingale paid for the time himself on VONF (Voice of Newfoundland), the predecessor of the CBC, on the top floor of the Newfoundland Hotel. Little Flo Nightingale and her pals were bicycle riders and her father was the kindly motorcycle policeman who arrived, with squealing siren, when their carelessness set up the right moment for a safety tip. Pay was an ice cream soda downstairs.

It wasn't a case of theatrical love at first sight. Florence went to school, got married, followed her husband to

the University of New Brunswick and back to Newfoundland, made a home, had babies. Her theatre experience amounted to a handful of school plays and some singing-mostly blues-with a band at the local dances. But at a point part-way through raising their four daughters, things changed.

"After I had my third child," she remembers, "I had my night out a week with the women, you know...Wow! And

> found that my one night out was absolutely no different and no release from what I'd been doing all week. It was all recipes, babies, an extension of what you were. I just needed to get away from that." Another woman in the group belonged to a local amateur theatre company, the St. John's Players. She suggested Flo might join too.

> There's a glow of inspired dilettantism about a certain period in Canadian amateur theatre. In the Forties and Fifties, little theatre was the school for native actors and actresses, many of whom graduated from it just in time for the blossoming of professional regional theatres across Canada. Gordon Pinsent, Leslie Yeo, Joan Gregson, David Brown, Gillie Fenwick. It happened all over the country and those who were part of it sparkle when they tell you how it was. People sawed boards and painted flats in their basements, ransacked closets and attics for wardrobe, stayed up till all hours. The focus of the year was the Dominion Drama Festival, first the "regionals" in each

province, then the national competition.

The St. John's Players had been formed in 1937 and, like their sister companies in other provinces, they were a community enterprise, related as much to civic pride as to artistic fervor. Reviews were almost always kindly and likely as not to turn up on the social page. There, in a yellowed clipping, we see Florence Paterson, a slender, Irene Dunne-ish young matron, preparing sandwiches for her four little girls before rushing to rehearsal. "Many people wonder what makes others take to the

stage and acting in particular," says the article, but "there's nothing odd about...actors; they indulge in their hobby which happens to be acting, just as others prefer bowling or bridge."

Flo Paterson indulged in every kind of role on the go, from flappers in The Boy Friend to Anouilh's Joan of Arc, beginning with her first lead role in a play called Castles in the Air. Props could be uncertain things in amateur productions. On opening night she discovered that a lavish display of flowers, prominent in the script, had become a bunch of wilted husks. Offering a cigarette to another character, she found the cigarette box empty. A glass which she was to hurl to the floor was unbreakable plastic. The British adjudicator-"Oh, he was such an awful man! He adjudicated the audience too"savaged the performance. Maybe it helped seal her way of approaching a role, which is usually from the outside in, an accumulation of external characteristics which, taken together, reveal the soul.

"Basically," she explains, "I'm from the feet up. Shoes are very important to me. I ask for the shoes almost immediately, if I can have them, because it gives you where you are, your ground, the way you're going to walk, the way you're going to carry yourself." Props are crucial to her method, so is makeup, and the words, letter-perfect so they're automatic, not a conscious effort of memory: "I don't want to think of what I'm saying. I want them to come out as part of what I am."

By 1967 she'd won four regional best actress awards when John Paterson's company, Moore Business Forms, transferred him to Halifax, Flo trotted to CBC with her resumé, auditioned for artistic director Heinar Pillar at the Neptune Theatre ("I thought it was pretty good but obviously it made absolutely no impression because he didn't call me") and joined the Theatre Arts Guild. She appeared in several of their productions including *Onions in the Stew*, a title *The Mail-Star*'s theatre critic, Lionel Lawrence, felt obliged to apologize for before reviewing the performance.

One night at a party she met a young Irish actor named Bob Reid. He and a fellow actor, John Dunsworth, using a \$2,000 bank loan and \$1,000 of their own money, had founded Pier One, an experimental theatre housed in a condemned building on the Halifax waterfront. They were doing interesting things, different plays, stuff the Neptune, with its eye ever fixed on boxoffice receipts, couldn't risk, and when Reid invited Flo to come down, she did. It was 1971.

A year later Reid was directing at

Second Stage, the adventurous limb which had sprung from Neptune's trunk. He gave Flo the script of a play called *Sweet Home Sweet*, by Ontario writer James Nichol, and asked her to play the lead. It wasn't *Onions in the Stew*. Ruth Brown, her role, was a white woman married to a black man and the mother of his child. Reid had chosen the play because it seemed relevant to Halifax, with its substantial black population. Dragged down by poverty, unacceptable to either blacks or whites, Ruth retreated into alcoholism.

"It was quite a stretch for me," Flo remembers. "I went to see a friend of mine, a doctor, and asked about alcoholism, how it would affect you in a physical sense as well as a mental sense. It stretched me so much. It was new for me to play that type of role." To talk to actors about their careers is to be stunned at how often success turns on coincidence, on being seen, heard, at such a time, in such a place, by the right person. Robert Sherrin, the new artistic director at Neptune, saw Flo Paterson as Ruth Brown and brought her to the main stage.

At almost the same time, a play called *Leaving Home* was having an enormous success at Toronto's Tarragon Theatre. It was about the Mercers, a Newfoundland outport family living in Toronto in the Fifties. Critics loved it and audiences loved it even more. Nearly a score of regional theatres did it after its Toronto début and when it opened in Halifax at the Neptune in March, 1973, Flo Paterson played the mother, Mary Mercer. In the audience were Bill Glassco, Tarragon's director, and David French, who'd written the play. Afterward they came backstage.

"David said he was writing a sequel with the same character, Mary Mercer, and he asked me if I'd be interested," says Flo. "I said I would and I honestly never expected to hear back, but within two months I had the first draft." When Of the Fields Lately opened at the Tarragon that October, Flo Paterson was Mary Mercer, as no actress had been before or has been since.

"To Florence Paterson as...Mary Mercer belongs the highest accolade," wrote John Fraser in *The Globe and Mail.* "If the lady is not a Newfoundlander by birth, she should be made an honorary citizen—she practically wears Bay Roberts and Conception Bay around her neck...the humanity and genial charm of her acting made her performance a stunning thing to behold." Urjo Kareda in *The Toronto Star* found her "with her fantastic sharp eyes and her rejection at every point of sentiment...magnificent as Mary."

Mary Mercer appeared just when her country needed her. We were hun-



Making up as Nurse in Romeo and Juliet:



An accumulation of external detail...



...props, makeup and words letter-perfect



Cover Story

gry for national identity, searching for ways to prove we were different from The Other, the behemoth to the south with its hairy paws groping our corporations and its roar resounding over our airwaves. Newfcult was inevitable as English-speaking Canada discovered its most striking and accessible indigenous culture. "The wife," sighed the Ottawa Citizen when CBC-TV presented Of the Fields Lately, "is every son's mother and every man's wife."

For Flo Paterson the role was crown and albatross. She played it east, west and on television. If she wished, she could be playing it still, in some variation. She *became* Mary for audiences and in some cases for professionals. You can find people today who'll tell you that Flo Paterson's chief failing as an actress lies in her own warm, earthy, humorous presence, a quality that overwhelms and reshapes whatever she does on stage. What they are really talking about is the ghost of Mary.

n 1975 CBC was centring its television drama programming on videotaped adaptations of stage successes. The Freedom of the City by Irish playwright Brian Friel was based on the January 1972 "Bloody Sunday" violence in Northern Ireland and had been a hit in London and New York. The framework of the play is an official inquiry where police tell how they surrounded and gunned down three IRA terrorists. But we see that the "terrorists" are really three innocent people, two men and a woman, who've been locked accidentally inside the guildhall.

The woman, Lily Doherty, became Flo Paterson's most remarkable television achievement. She was nominated for an ACTRA award, her second time for television. She's been nominated twice for radio drama but she's never won. "Awards are silly, very silly," she says, "But I would *love* to have one. The time was right for it and now



As a woman, finding that she can survive...

the time has gone. It won't happen again unless I get a really fantastic role and I think it would have to be TV. You need something to say, you know, am I doing a good job. And that's what it means."

Lily Doherty—the role had been intended for Kate Reid—was a mixture of a woman who'd cleaned house for the Patersons in 'St. John's and something else: Flo's own consciousness of who and what she was. "I'd often thought, myself, if anything happened, what the hell would I do? I've had no training in anything. I can iron—I'm a good ironer! That's one thing I got from Mary Mercer—more people than enough came up to me afterward and said, 'God, you're a beautiful ironer!' Or I could scrub floors."

What she found was that she could survive and it showed in the strength of her Lily, scrubwoman, mother of 11, wife to the flighty, shiftless Irishman who seems to fascinate strong, indomitable Irishwomen, at

least in literature and theatre. But when Malcolm Black took her to lunch after seeing *Freedom of the City* and offered her the part of Sadie Golden in *Crabdance*, the play he was directing for John Neville at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, she balked.

"I said I would like to see the script and I read it and I thought, Whaat? I gave it to my family to read and they said 'Do it.' I read it again and said, Whaat? On the plane I was reading it on the way to Edmonton and I still didn't know where the lady was at."

Sadie Golden, says Malcolm Black, "is a woman who wakes up one day and asks herself, to put it crudely, 'Is the screwing I'm getting worth the screwing I'm getting?' She's a woman who's given too much and got nothing in return." In rage and disappointment, Sadie becomes a destroyer. But what did she have to do with Mary Mercer? "I'm at that stage in my life and have been for the past few years," says the actress who's played both of them,

An actress's art: Left to right, The Snow Queen; The Preedom of the City; John and the Missus; The Au Pair Man; The Sea Gull; Dutch Uncle







Cover Story

"I'm still giving, giving, giving but there's an anger in me. You continue to give because of conditioning. But I have spurts now when I won't acquiesce, when I put on the brakes and say to myself, 'No'.'

Black sees the anger: "I don't see Flo as an earth mother. To me she's got incredible drives and very great strengths. I'd hate to cross her. She knows what she wants-and what she should have." It's a male assessment, full of the suggestion of power through intimidation, but short of accurate for a woman whose great strength is her openness, whose daring is in her willingness to reach out.

Professionally, she's reaching out now for roles that aren't Mary Mercer again, but that fall within a range she feels is wider than some would think. Arkadina in The Sea Gull, which she did at Neptune this year, has had to learn to survive on her own, like Lily Doherty. The gulf between the two characters may be no wider than that between Mary Mercer and the middleclass businessman-politician's daughter from St. John's.

But fighting stereotype is just part of the battle. At this year's Academy Awards ceremony, only one of the five women nominated as best actress of the year was under 40. In live theatre, however, the magic age is still 35. Below it, if you're careful, you may prolong the image of the romantic. Beyond it, you yield to the inevitable: Character parts, harridans, crazy ladies and, always, mothers. It is crippling for an actress who's made herself up to play older roles for more than a decade.

Seeing Flo Paterson for the first time is mildly surprising, if you've only seen her on stage or television. She's not olive-drab, her long hair is copper-colored. She's smaller, slimmer, younger-looking than you expect. Or maybe we expect the wrong thing.

The American feminist Gloria Steinem. told she looked young for 40, replied "No, I don't. This is how 40 looks."

"I've talked to playwrights," says Flo, "and I've told them just because a woman is 40, 50 doesn't mean that that's the end of her life, and that she doesn't feel all the things-and I mean all of them-that she felt as a young woman." Some writers, she thinks, are beginning to see women differently, "and that's rather nice to know, that we're not going to be put in a ditch and just shovelled over." But the theatre of the mature woman as a complete person, especially as a sexual one, is still years off, she believes.

eography is another enemy. Of the Fields Lately was her high point in theatre, Freedom of the City, on television. Now the momentum has slowed. In Halifax, she is out of the mainstream. In 1977 she spent eight months at Stratford, appearing in Hay Fever, All's Well that Ends Well and, to admiring reviews, as Nurse in Romeo and Juliet: "An earthy characterization, full of robust humor and warm love.... Paterson's is by far the best performance." "A highlight of the production." But the long period away from home was a wrench and although she'd signed a three-year contract, she left with the understanding that she would return only for a part that required no more than a two- or three-month stay.

Casting directors have short memories. Actresses not on the scene in Toronto aren't available instantly for auditions or go-sees. Joan Gregson, another Halifax actress and ACTRA award winner, tried for four years to get an agent to represent her in Toronto and finally found one who agreed to take her "on a trial basis -she'd never worked with someone from Halifax before." Gregson has been a professional actress for 20 years. "Living alone," she admits, "I couldn't exist."

Flo would like to do a film. In 1977 she and Gordon Pinsent broke then-existing box-office records at Neptune Theatre in John and the Missus, a play originally intended to be a film script. If Pinsent could get the financing together, she would love to do the movie. But would Flo Paterson's name be bankable enough in the profitconscious eyes of film backers?

Some compromise may be necessary, an arrangement which would let her live part-time in Toronto, part-time in Halifax. "Either that, or I'll have to make up my mind that I'm lucky to be where I am and doing the odd thing here and there. This would mean putting my life on the line, and making an effort to make that work-which I



...as an actress, reaching out

don't think I will, because without the work, I would probably shrivel up. It's all I have, except for my family.'

She is learning there are decisions to be made. She's learning to stand on her own feet, to cope even with her own ambitions. It's not easy, "no, but it's taken me a long time. Much too long." She's learning from "the younger generation," like Fiona Reid last summer in Neptune's Tonight at 8:30, something of the "sense of standing up for myself in the theatre." Like many women of her age she's carrying around several identities, but hers have names. She is Ruth Brown and Mary Mercer, Lily Doherty, Sadie Golden, Arkadina, and something more. She is Florence Paterson, which is splendid.







Folks



Stripper Clarke: A long way from Nfld.

Doris Clarke is one of hundreds of girls who, according to Canadian Press, "look like anybody's kid sister" and survive by peeling off their clothes in tacky Ontario bars. She grew up in Corner Brook with 11 brothers and sisters. When she was five, her father died and her mother left home and, at 15, she followed her 21-year-old aunt into the stripping business. Now, she's 23 and still at it, rattling around Ontario by bus, stripping up to 30 times a week. It's grinding work but, like other Atlantic Canadians who've joined the historic body-drain to Upper Canada, Doris is philosophical: "I don't have much education, so where else could I make \$400 or \$500 a week?"

iterary awards are bustin' out all over in Newfoundland. Sean Virgo's short story Les Rites won \$2,500 and CBC's top short story award. Then the native of Ireland, now living in Topsail, Nfld., snared a National Magazine Award in poetry for "Deathwatch on Skidgate Narrows," published in *The Malahat Review*. **Kevin Major's** prize-winner is Hold Fast, a Canada Council choice as best children's book, with a \$2,500 cash prize to boot. Having captured Newfoundland's traditions in prose, Major says he now wants to capture the hearts of education officials and get his book in the schools. The win came as a surprise to the 30-year-old resident of Sandy Cove, Bonavista Bay, "and not many people know about it here," he adds. He plans further works that will bring Newfoundland's colorful ways to other Canadians. Virgo, a drifter, says Newfoundland's traditional culture drew him there from the west coast. Primarily a poet, he also has a novel in the works. Les Rites drew a bit on his own realization of "every English professor's dream"—to quit his cushy job and test himself against life in remote parts of the land. Virgo built up muscles working at odd logging and truck-driving jobs. "I really care about the wilderness," he says. It worked well for his writing career, too.

Pop singer Bruce Murray, 27, is through with being the "boy next door." Young female fans want a sexier image and Springhill's other famous native is happy to oblige. So he's busily promoting his Columbia-released album There's Always a Goodbye which is "very much me." His first album produced by big sister Anne was not him. The family image may even have turned people off, he thinks: "No one wanted another Donny and Marie." The new album is a collection of easy-listening Barry Manilow-type ballads, produced by Stan Vincent, who's worked with Paul Anka and Cher. And it's all beginning to click for the singer who once wondered if there was room for two Murrays in show business. His back-up band which is "just so good" wants to tour with him this summer, and Murray hopes to perform in the Maritimes -something he's never done before as a solo act. Murray doesn't mind admitting he's ambitious. "I want to be a star," he says, complete with international hits and big concert-hall dates. He'd also like to come back east to live. But only "if I was to become a huge success."

Anne's little brother wants sexier image





Gool: Goodbye to cultural battles?

harlottetown author Reshard Gool (husband of Hilda Woolnough, artist) sees the \$9,000 the Canada Council gave him to write fiction as a triumph over the Toronto cultural establishment. Nothing unusual there, except he's hardly your average down-home paranoid. Born in England of Scottish, Indian, Malay, Persian and French ancestry, Gool grew up in South Africa and Scotland, taught in a bewildering variety of educational establishments, fetched up at UPEI as a political science prof. Soon, he was at the uncalm centre of what he hoped was an Island cultural awakening. In '72, he founded Square Deal Publications which brought out poetry, fiction and non-fiction (including memoirs of former premier Walter Shaw). Now, Square Deal may be folding, partly because Gool wants to get on with his fiction, and partly because UPEI, to his irritation, refuses to give the press the backing he feels it deserves. Gool, 47, may also be wearying of a decade of fighting cultural battles. The Council grant, the biggest ever given to an Island author, may enable him to complete his trilogy (The Nemesis Casket). Anyone who knows Gool knows it'll be unlike anything ever written in Canada. Or anywhere else.

ilda Woolnough (wife of Reshard Gool, writer) is den mother to the Charlottetown art colony, movie reviewer for CBC radio, teacher, mother of three, and Artist. She is the calm eye of the intellectual hurricane that swirls through the Gool-Woolnough household, but where she really lives is in her art. This spring, the first sculpture she's created since coming to Canada from England in '57 was part of Survival Atlantic Style, a show at Mount St. Vincent University, Halifax, It's eight feet by eight, a four-part human figure. You look at it through an acrylic screen engraved with "frost pattern," and the

face of the figure is that of a farmer she saw driving a truck down an Island road. The enormous variety of her work is evident in her patchwork quilt, La



Woolnough: She lives in her art

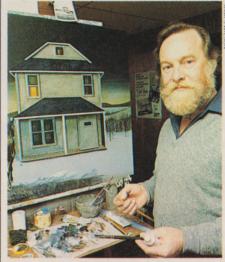
Source, based on a Micmac legend; and in her Space Warp 7, inspired by the Bermuda Triangle legend (in which Woolnough firmly believes). Educated at the Chelsea Art School, England, she has had her work appear in dozens of shows in Mexico, the Caribbean, England, France, and of course, Canada. Her quilts won awards at the Montreal Cultural Olympics and from the Royal Society of Canada.

Aren Evans and Doris Sergeant of Saint John, N.B., started worrying about food additives about a year ago when they realized that they didn't know what they were feeding their children. With no money but lots of enthusiasm they began researching the results of tests done on all chemicals and additives the food industry uses. The result is a soon-to-be-published consumer's guide to food additives which will be the first of its depth produced in Canada. Evans and Sergeant got a cool reception at first from local health officials: "We could tell by the way certain

N.B. housewives fight food additives



questions were asked that some people thought since we don't have Ph.Ds we didn't know what we were talking about," says Evans, an RN. But public response was tremendous. The book will list additives alphabetically and give easily understood explanations of chemicals, test results and possible hazardous effects of additives. Not only have the women done all the work, they've done it without outside financial support. Ottawa invited them to study government laboratories there but they couldn't afford to go. "We haven't been able to find a grant category we fit into," says Evans. But it hasn't turned them off preparing the book, or arranging a series of public seminars in the Saint John area. Their main concern, they say, "is to show people that there is a healthy alternative to the processed food diet.



Artist Percival: Very much Atlantic

Paintings and scale models of in-shore fishing craft are travelling throughout the region in a collection entitled, "Little Boats." Brunswick Press, Fredericton, has gathered the paintings and photos of the models in a book (Little Boats: Inshore Fishing Craft of Atlantic Canada) that, this summer, should intrigue tourists, old salts, and just about anyone who loves boats. The model-builder is Ray MacKean of Gondola Point, N.B. The artist is Robert Percival, curator of the New Brunswick Museum and, in the words of a Newfoundland friend, "a bluddy marvel." A European-trained landscape artist, Bob's work hangs in galleries all over Canada and England. He calls himself "more an Atlantic provinces painter than a Canadian painter," and he's now working on 'portraits" of remarkable N.B. houses in acrylics and watercolor. But he's also putting together a sequel to his earlier book on Japanese art. Bob has other talents. He can put on a Newfoundland accent so well, says his assistant, Reggie Mantin, that, "He

sounds just like my Newfoundland mother." Bob does it by lip-reading. Since his childhood in England, he's been stone-deaf.

ootball fans had no trouble identifying Tony Gabriel, Ottawa Rough Riders' Schenley award-winning split end, but who was that other guy in the Huskies uniform on Saint Mary's University's football field? Why, John Allan Cameron, no less, taping special segments for his Halifax-produced 13week summer television series, scheduled to run nationally on the CBC starting June 29. Viewers will also get a chance to see Nova Scotia's Gaelic bard squaring off with boxer Trevor Berbick, splashing around with champion swimmer Nancy Garapick and chasing pucks with hockey's Eddie Shack. As an enthusiastic amateur athlete ("I look bad but I don't care"), Cameron loved it. He's also betting the segments, plus the live in-concert tapings which will be part of the show, will produce a livelier package than his old CTV series. "People who saw me on the CTV show would say, 'That's not you,' " he remembers. "My strength is relating to the audience on a one-to-one basis." There hasn't been much time for sports in his recent schedule. He's formed his own company, Glencoe Music, and produced a new album-"more folksy" than his last two Columbia releases. There are also enough new challenges in the offing-perhaps a theatrical venture-to keep even a born enthusiast happy: "I love to live life to the fullest," he says, "I do not like being dull."

Tony Gabriel (right) and friend, working out





Montreal is still a fine, friendly town

So don't let the rumors scare you off. By Colleen Thompson

hen you mention Montreal, gloomy remarks fly: Shopkeepers turn their backs when you speak English.... You can't buy gas when the guy at the pump sees your licence.... All the creative people have fled to Toronto. No wonder Maritimers and Newfoundlanders set out for what used to be one of their favorite cities with anxiety and timidly clutching a pocket dictionary of French phrases. It's therefore a pleasant shock to discover the first cabbie you meet is Greek, the French hotel receptionist greets you in English, and the bellboy is proud to tell you he's a Montreal-born, Irish Canadian.

We tend to forget that, no matter what happened when Réne Lévesque won the election of November, '76, Montreal remains one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities. To my mind, it's far more cosmopolitan than Paris. Although 70% of Montreal's 2.7 million people are indeed French, the rest are either Anglos, or people of Italian, Greek, Hungarian, Chinese, Japanese, Armenian. Portuguese, Spanish, West Indian, East Indian, African, and other cultural backgrounds. Montreal has 100,000 Jews, more than any other city in the country. Its color, excitement, piquancy and naughtiness have been attracting us Atlantic Canadians for

more decades than some of us care to admit. I've been spending get-away week-ends there since the hey-day of The Chicken Coop (the first restaurant I'd ever seen in which you got your chicken in a basket and ate it with your hands), the unbearably exotic Ruby Foo's, the gone-but-not-forgotten Laurentian Hotel, and the time in which gang violence was earning for Montreal the nickname "Little Chicago." Its brothels and gambling joints were so notorious there were stories the Canadian army considered declaring the whole city "off limits."

Long known as Canada's fashion centre, Montreal's streets boast flocks of beautifully dressed young women. Most are working girls, addicted to haute couture, who save their money to buy the creations of such talented designers as Michel Robichaud or John Ward (whose fashions sell from \$75 to \$200) or even the imported clothes of Lily Simon (for which you can pay \$1,200 for a dress).

Stylish women of the Atlantic provinces still take one-day shopping trips to Montreal to get snappy additions to their wardrobes, or simply the latest haircut. Some say they occasionally meet a bilingual Montrealer who refuses to speak English, but most of those I talked with said that, in

recent years, they've detected no real change in Montrealers' attitudes towards the English-speaking visitor; that, once they know you're a tourist who can't speak French, they graciously switch to English. Still.

I never used to stray from the downtown core. The moment I hit Dorchester or St. Catherine St., I'd hunt for that favorite romantic bar, special café, unique boutique, or some friend's recently discovered Italian hole-in-thewall serving fabulous fettucine. Recently, however, I've also begun to venture out to such spots as Le Patriote on St. Catherine East where you can catch chansonniers of the quality of Nana Mouskouri, Robert Charlebois, Renée Claude, Monique Leyrac or Felix Leclerc. I search the papers to discover who's at Theatre Maisonneuve in Place des Arts. Oscar Peterson? Harry Belafonte? Gordon Lightfoot? Gilles Vigneault?

n my most recent trip, I wanted to check rumors about hostile Montrealers; find out if beloved haunts were still fun; and, at the same time, look at the city with new eyes, as though it were Paris or Rome. My friend and I began by grabbing a sightseeing bus at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel and, for almost three hours, touring a city we scarcely knew. We admired the iron staircases that curved around the outside of the houses and, for the first









....spirit, holiness, history, the sound of music and, as night falls, the promise of excitement

time, discovered that the interior of Notre Dame Church not only seats 5,000 worshippers but also glows with a beauty that's as spectacular as you'll find in any European cathedral.

We ogled million-dollar dwellings of Outremont francophones, and Jewish and Greek neighborhoods; stumbled along behind a guide in the catacombs of the Wax Museum, finding popes, U.S. presidents, prime ministers and, in the light at the end of the tunnel, Charles de Gaulle; and listened as our French bus driver proudly related yarns about such legendary Westmounters as the Bronfmans and the Timminses, and pointed out their hillside palaces. (Members of one rich Westmount family, he insisted, sometimes sneaked aboard the buses to find out what the guides were saying about them.)

Back at the Sheraton Mount Royal, we reported to a favorite watering hole for Maritimers. It's the Kon-tiki Room and, copying other couples around us, we shared a giant loving cup—it contained two straws and something rummy, delicious and deadly—while, beside us, a little waterfall tinkled in the soft glow of colored lights. A chatty waiter brought us Polynesian snacks, a honeymoon couple (French) shyly asked us to take their picture and, as we reached bottom in the bowl, we knew Montreal was still a good place to be.

It's unthinkable to visit it without dining in at least one good, small, French restaurant. Le Colibri is a tiny spot on Mansfield (though it may move to larger quarters on Bishop) and every-

thing it serves is à la française. That means calorie-loaded sauces and butterrich entrées that are worth every ounce you gain. Boisterous couples, English and French, occupied Le Colibri's eight checkered tables on the night we were there, and the atmosphere was just fine. With wine, dinner cost us about \$45.

f it's a slice of Greek lifestyle you're after, head for the section of Park Ave. that our cabbie called "Little Athens" and settle down on the glassed-in terrace of Dionysus. This spot's specialty is lamb: In tomato sauce, in lemon sauce, or cooked on a spit basted with olive oil, lemon juice and oregano. Greek salads complement the lamb, and so does retsina, a resin-flavored Greek wine. Now, lean back for the evening while Greek musicians strum bouzoukis and sing finger-snapping Greek songs. Our dinner, including the wine, cost only \$29.

Irish blood flows in many easterners' veins and, when our own Irish ancestors fled potato famine in the 1840s, other Irish settled in Montreal. Now, in the Hunter's Horn on Peel St., the mellow and somewhat Irish décor, the Irish food, drink and music all contribute to a rollicking atmosphere. French and English accents mix in quavering renditions of "Danny Boy" or "Mother Machree." At the Cock and Bull on St. Catherine, the social climate is like that of a British pub. Sing along to a tinkling bar piano, and pack up your troubles. (Occasional differences of opinion among the regulars are just part of the entertainment; and, on

Sundays, you can get a British brunch for under \$2.)

If you want company, you might find it at Friday's, a New York-style singles bar on University. Even if you don't land a supremely congenial dinner partner, the food is good and the bar friendly. Fans of Italian food should try the fettucine at Trattoria dai Baffoni 11 Dante, near the Jean Talon Market. At M. Toman's Czech Pastry (1421 Mackay) you'll find tea, and tiny rich pastries of a quality once found only in Prague. A legendary spot for dinner drinking and dancing is Rockhead's Paradise (St. Antoine). Jamaican-born Rufus Rockhead founded it more than half a century ago, and he still presents women customers with carnations.

But whether you come to Montreal to catch a hockey game, cheer the Expos, buy works by Quebec artists or attend a concert by the Montreal Symphony, there's only one place to start your evening. From Altitude 737, atop Place Ville Marie, you can watch the most impressive show in the city. It's Montreal dressing for the night. By the time the lights drape the avenues, like strings of pearls among twinkling red and green neon, you're bound to be in the mood for a night on the town. In Montreal the choice of what to do is virtually endless and, on the whole, the people are as friendly as ever. The old opinion of British essayist V.S. Pritchett is still valid: "Montreal has something of American luxury, the sagacity of London, the briskness of New York, the gaiety of Europe."

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE, 1979

Sports

Bored? So go make your own yacht race

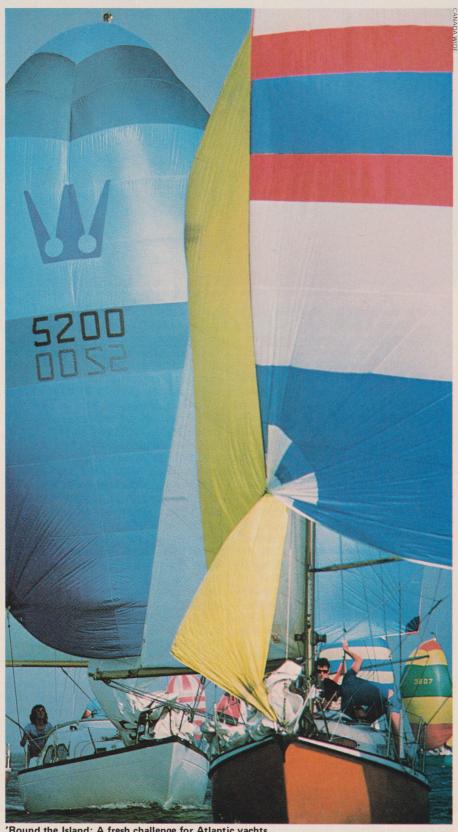
Try sailing 'round P.E.I. It's only 400 miles

If you're a yachtsman, and you're bored by the only races you can enter in Atlantic Canada, what do you do? Well, if you're Alan Holman or Paul Nicholson of the Charlottetown Yacht Club, you simply start your own race. They're the activists behind the first 'Round the Island Yacht Race. It starts August 6, and they hope that, in time, it'll become the supreme sailing competition in the region. Veterans of the 15-year-old Shediac-to-Charlottetown race, Holman and Nicholson insist it's become a giant yawn. "You sail out of Shediac, turn right, turn left, and head for Charlottetown." The race is popular but, according to them, yachtsmen enter it not out of any burning competitive spirit but simply out of habit and tradition.

Atlantic yachtsmen can enter plenty of "little races" but, except for the famous Halifax-Marblehead contest, which requires an outlay for equipment that's just too much for many sailors, the 65-mile overnight jaunt between Shediac and Charlottetown is probably the longest. But last summer, Holman and Nicholson took Nicholson's 30-foot yacht right around the Island. It took them five days and, after dropping anchor in Charlottetown harbor, they reported to the yacht club bar to plot a race over the same course.

It's an old idea but, partly due to a fear of sailing the north shore, it had never before got beyond the talking stage at the club. The north shore has few safe havens but Holman and Nicholson say that, rather than running for a harbor, small craft would normally ride out a storm at sea. It was their own circumnavigation that turned them into enthusiasts and, for their first race, they set their sights high. Maybe too high.

They wanted a commercial sponsor to help turn the race into the yachting event of the season for all eastern Canada. They hoped to give the over-all winner the Confederation Cup and, with a nice sense of the importance of Island history, they also wanted provincial winners to get cups named after whatever Fathers of Confederation had represented their provinces. The top boat from Nova Scotia, for instance, would get a Tupper Cup, and the one from New Brunswick, a Tilley Cup.



'Round the Island: A fresh challenge for Atlantic yachts



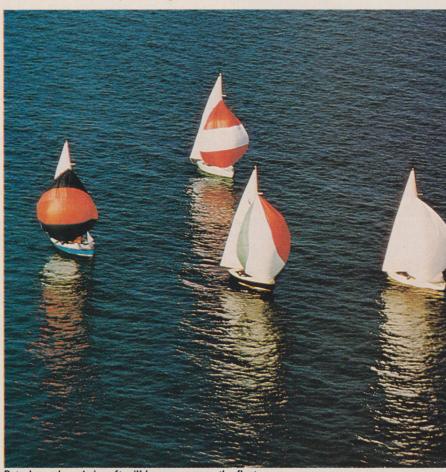
Holman, Nicholson: They're turning old talk into a new race

So the two Fathers of the 'Round the Island Race tried to line up backing from the Labatt brewing interests. As it turned out, however, they couldn't get a commitment in time for large-scale promotion this year. Labatt, they think, still likes the idea.

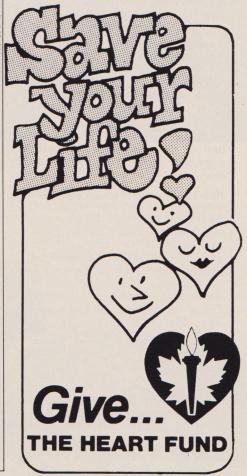
But even with their sights lowered, the race remains a fascinating challenge. Holman and Nicholson expect up to 20 entries from assorted clubs in Atlantic Canada. They'll sail out of Charlottetown and head west on the first leg of a 350- to 400-mile course and, with a compulsory 12-hour layover in Souris to enable competitors to check the state of their yachts, the contest will take anywhere from three to five days.

Island coastal waters are generally fog-free in summer, and the yachts will therefore need no specially elaborate navigation equipment. A Transport patrol vessel will sail with the fleet, and federal Fisheries vessels will monitor the emergency radio channel for distress calls. Moreover, both as a safety precaution and to provide reports on who's winning and thereby keep the media excited, a charter plane will check the fleet every day. Later, with a year of experience under their belts and the promotional groundwork done, Holman and Nicholson will again raise their sights to the Confederation Cup.

Kennedy Wells



Patrol vessels and aircraft will keep an eye on the fleet



Labor

Mining a thin seam wasn't God's idea

Ron Beaton, owner of the coal mine at River Hebert, N.S., says, "It's a relic." It's the last unmechanized thinseam mine in the province and, in it, 100 men daily hack out coal, as their grandfathers did. River Hebert has mined coal for 130 years and, in the Thirties, 19 men died here in explosions. Successive provincial governments have subsidized Beaton's mine to protect jobs; in '78, the subsidies rose above \$1 million. But last spring, dangerous gas levels revived old rumors that the mine would shut down forever, and Mines officials give it two years at best. It could close at any moment. Meanwhile, the men keep going down. Most are under 30. Some have no skills to sell, only their youth and strength. Freelance writer Harry Thurston recently joined them down below and found a way of work that might have appalled Charles Dickens:

he bankhead rears up like a colossal, black-boned skeleton exhumed from the tidal mud. It looks so rickety, I question last night's decision to defer a life-insurance option. Underground manager Ralph Henwood accompanies me on the tour and, as we board an empty coal car, a light mist billows from the slope's black mouth. I lie propped on an elbow, heeding Ralph's warning to keep my head down.

The spring sun vanishes behind us. Ralph shouts above the rumbling track: "This mine takes you back to the turn of the century. In Springhill, the slope was arched with concrete." My lamp scans the hardwood pit props.

Water spits on us from sagging, cobwebfestooned roof supports. It takes only a couple of minutes to travel through the millennia of geological years to the first level: 2,500 feet underground. I stoop to avoid striking my head on the slant roof, and a rat scurries down the dark tunnel.

A few hundred feet in from the slope, Ralph stops to check for methane with his meter. Water and poor roof conditions have also plagued the miners, and the word is that the men are into "bad ground." Now, a concussion recoils from deep in the mine's bowels. "BUMP" whiplashes into my mind. Smoke sucks past me. Adrenalin flushes my veins. But Ralph reads my look of alarm and gently advises, "They're blasting at the coal face."

Pandemonium greets us at the face: Curses and barked instructions compete with the deafening rhythm of the shaker pan. Miners' lamps cut through the dust and smoke. My mind and gut tighten to accommodate this claustrophobic dimension. Men kneel, or lie on their sides and backs, to shovel their bed of coal into the pan. They have no choice. The wall is only 33 inches deep and pitches at a sharp angle. An older miner snarls about the position in which someone on the night shift has left the cutter (a big chain that undercuts the seam). Irritably, he prods the roof with his pick. "And this roof isn't too goddamned good either."

"The roof is slate," Ralph tells me. "That's what makes it dangerous. A sandstone roof is much more stable."

Squirming under the roof, I flip

onto my back and, to ease myself down the grade, dig in heels and elbows. In places, there's barely room to fit myself between the "packs" of hardwood timber that buttress the roof. Rows of packs recede into the dim distance, where the coal has been extracted. The weight between the face and the main slope has squashed some to a fraction of their original height. Where the roof takes on weight near the wall, men keep wedging in more timber. Still, it is as if each miner were an Atlas, bearing his slate-skied heaven on his own shoulders and knees. Every eight or nine days lately, the roof has been "taking a set"; with a thunderous warning, the stone above squeezes your crawl-space closer to extinction.

When we reach the lower level, I regain my feet. "That's a weight off your shoulders" has never had more meaning. And at the top of the slope, the light of spring has never been more welcome. At noon the men stretch out on the narrow benches in the lunch room. Ribbing soon gives way to stoic talk: Of the Glace Bay miner who died last night in hospital; of the first anniversary of Hector McKeigan's death at River Hebert. A roof-fall killed him. "Carelessness causes most mining accidents," one miner says. "It's always the good roof that kills people." I reflect that there may never be another pit like the one these men know, and perhaps that's just as well. A man who spent 52 years in River Hebert-Joggins mines said, "I don't think God ever intended Man to mine a thin seam.

- Harry Thurston

River Hebert mine: In it, each man is an Atlas, bearing heaven on his shoulders



Out again into spring's sunlight



Media

MPBN's "Holy War" in N.B. and N.S.

TV viewers love it, cable companies don't

t is surely among the most ironic of "sitcoms" in television. As our own CBC fights tooth and nail for every extra taxpayer dollar, east-coast taxpayers are giving their money to the Maine Public Broadcasting Network. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick subscribers now account for a full third of total donations to MPBN—\$20,000 this year—with the percentage increasing steadily. And we don't just send money. Our fan mail accounts for a staggering 80% of the viewer response to MPBN.

Happily it's not a one-sided love affair. In return for moral and financial support we're rewarded for our renewal of ancient ties with the "Boston States" by the attention paid to our needs and preferences. Linda Burroughs, MPBN's audience relations co-ordinator, says, "If we're getting a higher feedback rate from the Maritimes than from Maine, then the likes and dislikes of our Canadian viewers are getting more weight."

The American Public Broadcasting System, both radio and television, has been in business for about 25 years. It functions fairly modestly from a unique base of combined government grants Federal-24%), industry (State-60%, grants (4%) and donations from listeners (12%). By both design and default, PBS enjoys the luxury of having to please a relatively small section of the viewing public, thus eliminating the mass-audience dilemma in which the CBC, CTV and the American commercial networks find themselves. And though he too is vociferously pro-MPBN, Maine's program manager, Bernard Roscetti, appreciates the luxury position he enjoys and expresses much sympathy for the beleaguered chiefs of commercial networks, wherever they may be. "We don't suffer the albatross of the corporate board around our neck, yet because of those networks we exist. People watch us because we're different," he says. "Because we don't have to sell commercials to make more revenue, to meet increasing costs, we avoid having to program for the lowest common denominator. We have a predictable base of income and if we need more money we go to a certain public.

Our public."

MPBN seems to be here to stay. Not only do individual Maritimers send money but Maritime companies pledge hefty "challenge" donations asking that these be matched specifically by persons or families in the firm's area. In addition to scoring points for good works, they find it's good for business. More and more often too, familiar New Brunswick

its obligation to serve the majority of the people—namely, the lowest common denominator—CBC courts the disdain of both minority and majority audiences.

The success of MPBN in the Maritimes also piques local cable companies. Last summer they lodged a protest with the CRTC against "too much" air time being given to the public channel. It inspired a deluge of angry counter-protests from viewers in support of PBS and prompted the CRTC to back off giving approval to the cable companies' plans to infiltrate MPBN air time with more commercially profitable CBS programming. But it was a short-lived "no." On April 19 MPBN received—from an alert Maritime fan, not from the cable companies or the CRTC—a clipping of the published Notice of Pub-



Maritime fund-raisers with MPBN's Roscetti (right): They send fan mail too

and Nova Scotia faces turn up on MPBN's televised fund-raising campaigns, spurring Maritime listeners into "making those phones ring" with pledges. During this spring's campaign, David Webster from the Halifax Public and Industrial Relations firm voluntarily organized the transport of a group of Maritime university personnel and students to Bangor to take a turn on the air and at the phones. In exchange, MPBN executives are planning excursions into the Maritimes to establish a more personal rapport with fans. They'll be welcomed by viewers if not by their Canadian competition, for whom downeasters' well-earned love for MPBN comes as rather a black joke. It's especially true for our own governmentfinanced CBC, paralysed into inefficiency by a neither-fish-nor-fowl status. Unable to chuck it in and go honestly commercial, and too proud to desert

lic Hearing of the CRTC held in Sydney on May 29.

"They're at it again," says Linda Burroughs, pointing out that it was only through a tip-off from a fan that MPBN got wind of last year's assault. "You know," she adds, "we're not so concerned about this for the present as for down the road. If once they're allowed to encroach, how will it ever stop?"

MPBN will certainly continue to defend itself and its viewers. Just as certainly, fresh evidence of the cable companies' greed should induce local subscribers to rise up in righteous indignation. In a better world, the success formula worked out by PBS and its MPBN affiliate would stimulate emulation by some smart Canadian. But in case it doesn't, we'll continue to borrow from the Yankees. It has all the makings of a rip-roaring Holy War.

- Jill Cooper Robinson

Halifax to Vancou



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All in all, the Rabbit Diesel has plenty to recommend it over the long haul. But you don't have to drive one across the country to be convinced. See your Volkswagen dealer. And drive one across town.



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According to laboratory lesis stag ventices equipped with optical 5-speed manual transmission. Fuel consumption will vary depending on how and where you drive, weather conditions, optional equipment and condition of your car. Based on point-to-point distance of 6098 km, estimated average cost of 22¢ per litre [99.9¢ per gallon) and the Transport Canada comparative fuel consumption rating.

Special Report

The agonizing fight over budworm spray

After lawsuits, firings, health scares and intrigue, what next?

omeday it will be considered an environmental classic, a story teachers will tell to illustrate how man tampers with the natural world at his peril. There was this pest, you see, a creepy-crawly that looked like a caterpillar and ate like a mastodon. It had an unlikely name, the spruce budworm, but the damage it did in the forest was real enough, and therefore men sprayed it with chemicals. But the more they sprayed, the more it expanded its territory. Eventually an entire region was infested, millions of acres of trees, and then the men were trapped: They had to keep spraying or risk watching the forest die and the mills close. You see, class, nature is complex, and when you trifle with it you can't know the results.

Today, 27 years and \$100 million since New Brunswick first sprayed, the budworm control program is an agonizing environmental issue. Its byproducts of verbiage, emotion, animosity and intrigue are unmatched in any other sector of Atlantic life. It has prompted lawsuits, demonstrations, hiring, firing, board-room crises and health scares. So contentious is it that virtually every statement about the budworm, including those in this article, is bound to be disputed by somebody. Entire careers have been devoted to coping with this tiny creature, barely 34-inch long. But the resilient budworm remains, and now infests 150 million acres of forestland in the Atlantic region, Maine, Quebec and Ontario.

t all began so apparently harmlessly, there is little point in dwelling on the wisdom of New Brunswick's decision to begin spraying. The early 1950s were a more innocent time. The Second World War was over barely half a decade and, during that war the chemical insecticide industry had been born, with DDT as a star product. In 1948 DDT won its developer, Swiss chemist Paul Müller, the Nobel Prize. And so, when New Brunswick came to consider how to deal with a mushrooming epidemic of spruce budworm, DDT seemed a logical choice.

The budworm was probably in our forests before the white man, rising to epidemics every few decades, then falling back to tolerable levels. But this time foresters reckoned damage would be more than the province's expanded



The murderously resilient budworm itself: It infests 150 million acres



Budworm-ravaged spruce: Familiar sight, too, in Maine, Quebec, Ontario

pulp and paper industry could stand. In spring, 1952, Stearman biplanes, piloted by U.S. crop-dusters, sailed into battle against the budworm. More than 25 years later, foresters still differ on how to cope with the pest, which destroys trees by eating their needles. Last year Newfoundland and Labrador, with five million acres of dead wood already on hand, launched large-scale spraying. "If we had not sprayed we'd have added another five million cords of dead

wood," says Dr. Kuhawmad Nazir, Newfoundland's assistant deputy minister of forestry. As it was, the province still lost an additional 1½ million cords.

Nova Scotia, meanwhile, had decided not to spray, despite heavy infestation on Cape Breton and a warning from industry that the province faces a wood shortage within six years. Gerald Regan, then the premier, said his decision not to spray was the toughest of his political career. One influence on

his government was the failure of spraying in New Brunswick to contain the epidemic. The same considerations persuaded Prince Edward Island not to spray. The Island, with only 600,000 acres of forest, has a severe budworm problem but forestry director Frank Matheson says P.E.I. won't spray "until somebody can come up with a definite idea that there's no problem with the spray."

In New Brunswick, where the budworm outbreak has raged longest and hardest, spraying has become a way of life. Cancel it, Natural Resources deputy minister Rudy Hanusiak has said, and "the citizens of the province would experience at first hand what citizens experienced in the 1920s, when the budworm wiped out 1½ million acres." The argument boils down to this: Health and environmental risk vs. economic risk; the efficacy of spraying vs. the notion of letting the budworm run its course naturally.

It's the health risk that scares the public most. In 1975 Dr. John Crocker and medical researchers at Dalhousie University announced results of their study of Reye's syndrome, a children's illness which can be fatal and which

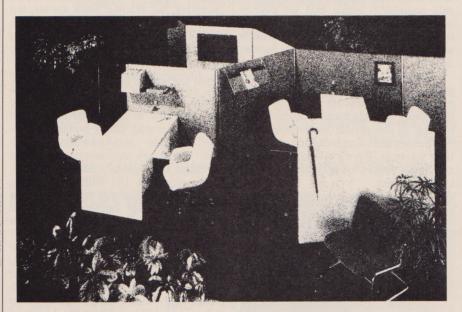


Hanusiak fears budworm wipeout of forests

was showing up more often than usual in New Brunswick. The illness seemed to be caused by a combination of a genetic factor in the victim, a virus, and something in the environment. Crocker concluded the budworm spraying, specifically an emulsifier in the spray mix, could be the environmental trigger.

New Brunswick responded by changing emulsifiers, but provincial authorities were reluctant to accept Crocker's finding. Health and natural resources authorities insisted on more evidence to prove the medical case. But Crocker's work, progressing through experiments with laboratory mice, pigs and human tissue cultures, has consistently showed a link between spray

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Special Report

materials and Reye's syndrome. How much farther can he go for proof? "Obviously," he observed once, "you can't just go out and spray 1,000 children with emulsifier and then hit them with a virus we know is connected with Reye's syndrome." In other words, the evidence is as compelling as it's going to be.

Earlier this year New Brunswick dropped its principal anti-budworm pesticide for the past decade, fenitrothion. Experiments in Moncton had shown fenitrothion induced liver changes in laboratory animals. Spray opponents consider it ironic that the government moved in this case while refusing to accept the Reve's syndrome research which, after all, stemmed from human

Crocker's central message is that many chemicals in the environment, not just the budworm spray, may be insidiously altering human physiologies, making us susceptible to a whole range of illnesses including leukemia, and multiple sclerosis. Reye's syndrome, he has said, may simply be a symptom of the larger problem.



Richards: Concerned parents say no matacil

Although excellent reasons seem to exist for ending all budworm spraying, it's not going to happen. In New Brunswick, budworms are in virtually all the province's 15 million forested acres. Using computer simulations, a task force headed by University of New Brunswick researcher Dr. Gordon Baskerville concluded that a permanent stop to the spraying in 1976 would have led to an enormous decline in the province's vital lumber and wood pulp industries. For the province, the choice is a possible health risk, or a certain economic bust. So, spraying continues.

What's often forgotten is that the

spraying program was to buy time for the province actively to begin managing the forests. Only recently, in fact, have the Atlantic provinces urgently begun to apply reforestation techinques. Nova Scotia is harvesting what it can from 320,000 acres of budworm-ravaged stands in Cape Breton and building a large tree nursery at Strathlorne which, by 1982, will produce 10 million budworm-resistant seedlings a year.

Newfoundland has accelerated harvesting and will be replanting by 1983, Prince Edward Island, preoccupied with keeping about 30 small sawmills operating, has planted black spruce, red pine, and eastern larch. New Brunswick will plant about 45 million trees this year; 60 million by 1982. What else can be done to improve the situation?

Chemicals can come back to haunt the environment in which they are spread. DDT and fenitrothion have both been dropped as insecticide ingredients and a compound called matacil is now the principle anti-budworm insecticide. But spray opponents say it too has been inadequately tested. Gander, Nfld., physician Dr. William Thurlow, is so concerned about matacil he has written a 72-page book calling its use into question. Catherine Richards, a member of New Brunswick's Concerned Parents, says using matacil without having more information amounts to making the province "a giant laboratory for the testing of toxic substances." Such critics say that, before government approves any insecticide, the long and short-term effects should be studied. Nothing argues their case so well as past experience.

Both pro- and anti-spraying forces should look at the possibility of working toward a common goal: The solution to everybody's budworm problem. It may be Utopian to talk of linking environmentalists with foresters, or concerned parents with government. But the approach has worked elsewhere. The U.S. established its National Coal Policy Project by bringing together environmental leaders and companies that mine and use coal. The result: Important compromises on the digging and burning of coal. Similarly, Ontario Hydro has involved citizen volunteers in choosing the most environmentally secure sites for power plants.

Both sides of the spraying controversy in Atlantic Canada must try to understand each other's concern. Otherwise, things may go on as they have. The budworm will keep on ravaging, the spray planes will keep on spraying. And the teacher in the classroom may wind up with an even sadder ending

to her story.

- David Folster

Opinion

The best spray is no spray

You can change the chemical but the stupidity lingers on. By Jon Everett

hom can you trust about what's safe content for spruce budworm sprays? Well, for starters, how about a company whose first chairman was a war criminal and which was indicted in a price-fixing conspiracy in the United States in 1974? The company is Farbenfabrik Bayer of Leverkussen, West Germany, founded after the Allies broke up the notorious I.G. Farben chemical cartel. Bayer sells matacil, a pesticide, which the New Brunswick government is using in its \$8-million spruce budworm spraying this year. Matacil hasn't been exhaustively tested for health and environ-



Years of spraying at a cost of \$100 million hasn't

mental safety by independent laboratories, but the government says Bayer tested it and declared it harmless, and that's good enough. Would Ford Motors fib about the safety of Pintos?

Forest spraying in New Brunswick has stretched over 27 years at a cost to the province of \$100 million. It would have been far simpler and more beneficial to load the money aboard planes and spray that. Fredericton's decision to take another kick at the can was great news for the budworms. Spraying assures them of a bumper food supply by keeping alive wood whose time has come. Budworms have many enemies in nature, but never have they encountered one as dim-witted as man.

The Bayer bunch got the contract when fenitrothion, like matacil a gas that scrambles the nerve-impulse systems of budworms and other life forms, was found harmful to rats in a Moncton lab. Saint John had moved its dump in the fall: The rats of New Brunswick had to be protected. Up to that point, the only tests done on fenitrothion had "proved" it to be as harmless as newly fallen snowflakes.

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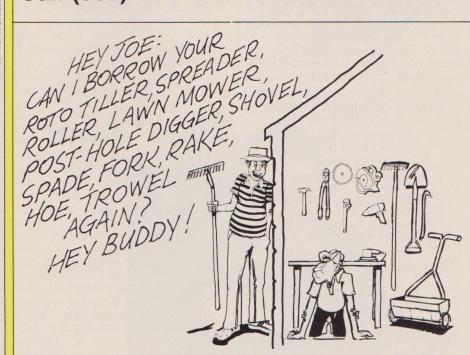
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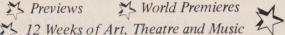
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The N.B. government got the information in 1972 but it hushed it up. When Nova Scotia considered spraying in early 1976, the cat got out of the bag; Nova Scotia decided not to spray. New Brunswick hastily convened a closed-door "commission" in response to growing demands for a full, open inquiry. Having got the "we can't say" answer it had gambled on from the commission, the government solemnly promised to be careful, then launched the granddaddy of all spray campaigns. Every inch of mainland, rural New Brunswick was sprayed or within drift range: School buses, schools, farms, homes, water supplies, even a camp for retarded children.

Three children in Hampton, a Kings County village near Saint John, promptly came down with a mysterious braindisease-meningo-encephalitis, they called it-but no one knows why two of those children died. Hampton people drew their own conclusions and today the community is the headquarters of the anti-spray Concerned Parents group.

The songbirds are another story. The Canadian Wildlife Service says millions of songbirds have vanished in New Brunswick after migrating here from points as far away as South America. They are supposed to be protected by international treaty, but the N.B. government's desire to spray takes precedence over any "scrap of paper." Then there are the cattle. One family, which kept a herd for 30 years on a 400-acre site at Anagance near Sussex, lost their livelihood when planes doused their 13 animals. One cow died and the others lost their milk. In Kazabazua, Quebec, near Ottawa, Ivan McConnel, 61, saw three of his cows die after they were hit by insecticide. Authorities there, too, insisted the forest spray couldn't have affected the animals.

Two years ago Patrick McTaggart-Cowan, former head of the Science Council of Canada, after reviewing the fenitrothion story, said: "I hope the stupidities, deliberate and otherwise, which have plagued the use of fenitrothion will be sufficient object-lesson to all so they will not be repeated as other chemicals are proposed for the control of spruce budworm." In New Brunswick, the chemical may have changed, but the stupidities remain the same.

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Ray Guy's column

Playing the Newf goof for mainland media

Being CBC's favorite regional buffoon isn't all beer and skittles

hey tell me you're the funny guy around here," said the chap from CBC National, "so all I want from you is a short, snappy comment on each of the three political leaders." It isn't easy being a stock flutter in the regional pulse. Mainland newspaper and television "teams" divebomb you in relays demanding you make plain to them the mysterious east in 250 words or less, fuelled by a maximum of only two beers. These chaps are invariably harried. They have exactly a day and a half. Then it's off again to stuff northern Saskatchewan into a nutshell. A fogged-in airport is the constant hag that rides them.

Luckily, they know just what it is they want: (1) an up-and-coming young leftish person destined to loom large in Newfoundland's future; (2) an up-and-coming young rightish person, likewise destined; (3) horny-handed fisherfolk in a picturesque village no more than 20 miles from St. John's airport; (4) a woman sociologist from the university, preferably one who rears goats and operates an airtight, cast-iron, wood-burning apparatus; (5) a populist buffoon who, with the fisherfolk, counterbalances the profundities of the two up-and-comings and the goat lady.

It seems straightforward. All our mainland press have to do is dash through the five categories and collect the standard offering from each. To make things even simpler, the same person holds office under each heading for a term of five years. Richard Cashin, the fisherman's union chap, occupies category Number One while Miller Ayre, a businessman and St. John's city councillor, fills Number Two. Number Three is staffed by three or four fishermen in Petty Harbour, a village conveniently near St. John's but which looks like Peggy's Cove, N.S. did when Peggy was still a maiden. In the fourth category, there are actually two women sociologists. They divide the burden, depending on whose goat herd is due to freshen. I have the honor to hold down the fifth posting myself with my term still a year and a half to run.

An easy 36 hours work—or so you might think—to pop off a plane, make the rounds and head back to Toronto with the socio-economic essence of Newfoundland safely in the can. But in Newfoundland, alas, things are never

that simple. A flat tire gets much flatter here than it does in central Canada and it's likely to stay flat for five hours longer. There are other hindrances. A Toronto reporter once told me he could encapsulate the whole of Manitoba and Northern Ontario in less time than it took him to do Newfoundland.

The CBC chap confided that those horny-handed, weatherbeaten, fisherfolk in Petty Harbour have become so professional they're almost useless. That's understandable. By now, they must have more camera time under their belts than most ACTRA members. The very gulls have learned to swoop past on cue. "I was tempted to tell them," sighed the CBC chap, "to drop their phoney Newfie act and show us something of their souls."

"Lucky you didn't," I said. "They might have misunderstood you and, instead of their souls, you could have had a haddock wrapped around your ears."

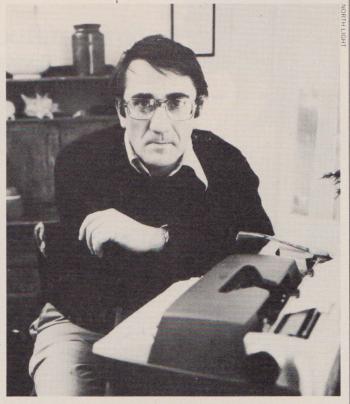
The script that category Number Three has by now honed to perfection is to the effect that "Far as we're concerned, bye, every one of them jeez-

ley politicians in there to St. John's and up there in Ottawa should be hell's fiery flames with their backs broke." But that's out of date now. What's wanted is less rustic pique and more salt-of-the-earth reassurances that This Great Nation of Ours stands firm even in the easternmost nooks; a script well-sprinkled with chunks of soul; a solid rehearsal in what the mainland media regard as a accent Newfie (thick enough to slice but just a notch this side of requiring subtitles); and an indoor set with stuffed kittiwakes on strings.

In fact, we all need to pull up our socks and get our acts together. We need a shared appointments secretary, a scale of fees and a kiosk in St. John's airport. Those two young up-and-comings are often up and gone on holiday in the Antilles just when mainland media teams need them most desperately. The lady sociologists spend too much time mucking around with their goats, the horny-handed weatherbeatens are still struggling with an outdated script and the populist buffoon....Ready for retirement. I knew it was high time to relinquish office when I saw the disappointment on the face of the CBC National fellow. All he wanted was a snappy comment on each of the three polticial leaders.

I couldn't come through. It was a poor excuse that I had a broken leg still a-mending, a six-month-old upstairs with a rising fever, a Block man at the kitchen table shaking his head over my income-tax returns and the upshot of a recent breathalyzer test still pending. The CBC was welcome to my blood but you couldn't see my merry old soul for bandages.

— Ray Guy



ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE, 1979

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Opinion

Let's quit cheating American tourists

The Yanks already know us only too well. By Robert Nielsen

return to the Maritimes and, when we told the Toronto salesman our destination, he said, "They'll rip you off down there." He quoted extortionate prices he'd paid on a trip down east but, since we're Maritimers born and bred, we only laughed indulgently. After a year here, however, I think he had a case. Unless a tourist requires no sustenance other than beauty and pure air, he gets poor value for his dollar in Atlantic Canada. He gets poor value especially by comparison with Maine, and that's a comparison that counts. To prosper, Maritime tourism must have American patronage.

But the Yanks are now showing a marked tendency to stay away. Our tourism authorities increase their U.S. advertising on the hopeful theory that if Americans only knew what treats awaited them here, they'd pour over the border like wetbacks crossing the Rio

Grande. But with money, of course. My hunch is the exact opposite: The Americans know us too well.

Last fall, a currency booth at Halifax airport declared, "PREMIUM ON U.S. FUNDS 5%." The official exchange rate then favored the U.S. dollar by 16%. In short, our airport booth was clipping any American who'd failed to buy Canadian money in the States. No American visitor, faced with that sign, could fail to think, "I really believe that these nice folks are trying to take advantage of me."

But in Maine, I haven't found one restaurant, motel, bar, store or gas station that charges more than the current discount on the Canadian dollar. Until the official difference edged close to 20%, one store at Fort Fairfield, Me., charged no discount at all while offering goods which, on the items I checked, ran 20% to 40% lower than on the Canadian side. Over there, they actually

seem to want our business. But over here, practices and prices lend a sinister connotation to the TV slogan, "New Brunswick is ready for you." Ready like

a hood with a blackjack.

n theory, the weak Canadian dollar helps our tourist industry. But it doesn't help much when the tourist finds that our higher prices more than offset his U.S. dollar premium. When he pays \$22 (Canadian) for a room that would have cost him \$16 (U.S.) in Maine, he's losing. And despite the growth of some good motel chains in the Maritimes, comparable quality is often hard to find. When it comes to restaurants, it's even harder to match New England's quality. Between good eating places in the Maritimes, a traveller could die like a dog in the desert. We have few chain restaurants, and 90% of the independent eateries should, as a matter of honesty, call themselves Heartburn House.

The choice of meat is, typically, inferior beef, so-so chicken and passable pork. No veal. No lamb. If you want shellfish, you'll get your scallops deepfried and your lobster boiled, or do without. Yet, a restaurant in Caribou Me., serves excellent fresh seafood and steaks at a top main-course price of \$7.50 (for steak and stuffed shrimp together). It also offers good California wine at \$4 a bottle. In the roof restaurant of the Chateau Halifax, wine of equal quality costs \$12 a bottle. Maritime restaurants apparently believe that wine-drinkers are so hooked on their tipple they'll pay any price for it.

Admittedly, some of our restaurants can do something with a scallop except deep-fry it but, at a

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highly recommended spot in Halifax (The Five Fishermen), the chef's creativity was spoiled for me by the slowest service this side of the Soviet Union. Mastiff-faced waitresses stared balefully at me for half an hour before bringing a menu, and then observed a one-hour interval between each course.

And gas stations. In my experience, the Maritimes are where you wait longest for service and stand the least chance of hearing an offer to wash your windshield. What you do get is an excellent chance of finding a filthy washroom. Such things turn visitors off.

We can't fix the big problems fast. It took years of economic folly to get Canadian wages above U.S. levels while our productivity remains 10% to 15% lower, and it will take years of applied wisdom to eliminate this handicap. Moreover, a tradition of bad public cooking won't be uprooted in a hurry. But expedients could help in the short term. Most tourists aren't looking for gourmet meals; they just want something edible at a reasonable price. More McDonalds outlets and some Ponderosa Steak Houses would please visitors who want to economize and, for those who want something better and a glass of wine, an extension of the Howard Johnson chain might be the answer. The Donair—a messy but succulent snack built around spiced beef or lambplus a judicious expansion of chain restaurants might yet save Maritime tourism. As a side benefit, eating out would become less perilous for us natives. Robert Nielsen spent 33 years on the editorial staff of The Toronto Star before resettling in his native New Brunswick.

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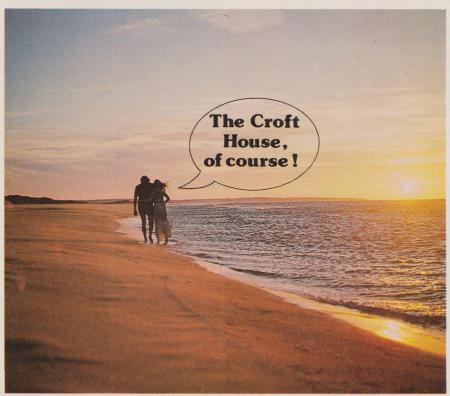
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Food

Cod, cheesecake and Kitty Drake

She learned to cook on Exploits Island and a B.C. dude ranch. You'll find her in St. John's.

By Elizabeth Haines

hey put the right word on it when they named it codfish," Newfoundland fishermen sometimes say. Like the Irish, they still think of sly tricks as "cods," and regard the codfish as one of the trickiest species to harvest. It can also be tricky to cook: Two minutes too long in the oven and the delicate taste is gone. One chef who has mastered the difficulties is Kitty Drake, whose Mediterranean Cod Chowder is just one of the specialties she dishes up at St. John's Upstairs Downstairs restaurant (4-6 Bates Hill), a small and unpretentious eating spot in the city's historic downtown area.

Preparing all kinds of fish has become second nature to the 32-year-old Drake. With her husband Dyer, she spent four years on Newfoundland's remote Exploits Island. For nearly six months a year, the sea around the island would freeze up, and that meant no shopping trips to the mainland and no supermarket foods. "We ate well but it took an awful lot of creativity," she recalls. If pressed, she'll even give you her recipe for "Puff-pig Chili," devised when a local fisherman bought her a slice of what he called puff-pig. It turned out to be porpoise.

One December night in '77, when Drake and her husband were in St. John's, they decided to splurge at a restaurant. They picked the newly opened Upstairs Downstairs. "We ate dinner and then I got looped on Athenian coffee...it's got a heavy dose of liqueur in it. As soon as we finished, I went and

asked them for a job."

Although Drake has had no formal training as a cook, she did endure a rigorous apprenticeship, working as chef in 1968-69 on a ranch and tourist camp in British Columbia. She likes "just wholesome and well-cooked food, no skimping." And that seems to be the key to the success of Upstairs Downstairs; she calls the food there "essentially home cooking.'

Her favorite concoction, and the most demanding one she makes, is the Upstairs Downstairs cheesecake. It can be topped with cinnamon, lemon, chocolate, apricots and almonds, or other fresh fruit. Everyone's got different ideas about cheesecakes, but this one is basically a New York cheesecake. "The best one I ever had," she recalls, "was in a small obscure place on Long Island in New York. It was terrific."

Drake is both fascinated and exasperated by what she calls the "constant paradoxes" of cheesecake. "It's got to be moist but dry; you have to cook it, but not overbake it." The list of difficulties goes on. "You wouldn't believe how mad you can get." With 21 cheesecakes required each week, sometimes it's difficult for Drake to smile for the camera and say, "cheese."



Drake ponders the cheesecake paradox

Cheesecake Crust

oz. graham cracker crumbs

1/3 cup melted butter

1/4 cup white sugar

Mix the above ingredients together until the mixture is moist and crumbly. Press against the sides and bottom of a well-greased 9-inch springform pan. Bake 10-12 minutes at 350° F. Cool.

Filling

16 oz. cream cheese, room temp.

eggs, separated

tbsp. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 cup white sugar

2/3 cup cream or evaporated milk

2/3 tsp. vanilla

tsp. lemon rind

tbsp. lemon juice

1/4 cup white sugar

Cream the cheese well. Beat in the egg yolks, then add 1/2 cup sugar, flour, and salt. Beat well. Then add the cream or milk, vanilla, lemon juice and rind. This mixture should be free of lumps. In another bowl, beat the egg whites until they are almost stiff. Beat in the 1/4 cup sugar and continue beating until the whites are stiff but not dry. Fold the egg whites into the cream cheese mixture. Pour this into the baked crumb crust and bake at 325° F. for 40-50 minutes or until it sets. Let cool to room temperature, then refrigerate. Add topping of your choice on cooled cake.

Mediterranean Cod Chowder

green peppers, quartered and sliced

2-3 onions, chopped

cloves crushed garlic

tbsp. olive oil

cups chicken stock

2/3 cup white wine

19-oz. tin stewed tomatoes,

chopped

1½ - 2 lbs. cod, filleted and cut into 1inch cubes.

basil, parsley, salt, coarse black pepper

Sauté green peppers, onions and garlic in olive oil until onions are transparent. Add chicken stock, wine and tomatoes. Bring to a boil. Then add cod, lower heat and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Add basil, parsley and salt to taste. Also add lots of coarse black pepper. Serve hot in bowls, garnished with croutons. Makes 8 servings.

Sole Stuffed with Shrimp

lbs. sole fillets

cup shrimp

cup bread crumbs

1-2 tsp. savory

1-2 tsp. thyme

clove crushed garlic

1/3 cup green onions or chives, chopped

1/2 cup melted butter salt and pepper

wine

chicken bouillon

Brush sole fillets with butter. Saute onions and garlic in remaining melted butter until onion is limp. Then add savory, thyme, bread crumbs and shrimp. Taste for salt and pepper. Place some dressing on each fillet and roll up; fasten with toothpicks. Fill the bottom of a baking dish with 1/4 inch of equal quantities of wine and chicken bouillon. Place the rolled fillets in the pan and bake about 20 minutes at 350° F. Makes 6 servings.



Art

A folk art find to dazzle the nation

But Hantsport's art treasures will stay at home

ike other Hantsport, N.S., youngsters, Eric Nichols went to boy scout meetings in the carriage house on the estate Senator Ezra Churchill had built in the Annapolis Valley port around 1860. But while others worked or played, Nichols stared at the paintings on the wall. Twenty years later, still haunted by the images, he mentioned the barn paintings to a Halifax art curator. The result is a major primitive art find, expected to make national waves when it crosses Canada in 1981

The Hantsport art treasures, which include a garage full of paintings as well as the carriage house murals and medallions, are the work of Francis daSilva. A native of either Portugal or Madeira, he came to Hantsport in the 1850s, possibly as an adolescent stowaway on one of Churchill's ships. There he stayed, as gardener and coachman on the estate, until his death in 1920. In that time he completed the 22 paintings and seven murals which, according to Art Gallery of Nova Scotia curator Bernard Riordon, "are a complete socio-economic history of this part of Canada from about 1860 onwards."

Fly specks and dust cover 15 of the 22 paintings not yet restored, but their vivid, primitive imagery is spectacular. Ships, politicians, cows, pigs, ostriches, even a zeppelin appear in the distorted perspective characteristic of naive painting. Hantsport resident, Ben Alexander, who bought the daSilva paintings at an estate auction for few dollars in the early Sixties, remembers the child-like appeal the pictures had for him: "I liked their jungle appearance and, of course, the ones with animals in them. One has cows, big cows, little cows, and the cows in front are smaller than the cows in back." There are Biblical scenes too. including a representation of Christ's casting out devils into a herd of swine.

The basement of the Churchill house contains small medallion paintings, many of snipe and woodcock. Covered with 100 years of grime, their precision is amazing, despite their location high up on the foundation walls where there is, and was, almost no natural light. By a flashlight's glow, they emerge as highly structured little portraits of life a century ago.

Nichols, a supply clerk with the Unemployment Insurance Commission in Halifax, decided to tell Riordon about the paintings while he was helping crate the art gallery's highly successful "Folk Art of Nova Scotia" show for its national tour in 1976. Riordon immediately began to meet with the Hantsport Memorial Community Centre which controls the Churchill estate. By 1977 Ben Alexander had agreed to lend his daSilvas permanently to the art gallery, and a year later the centre made a per-

death and made an enormous contribution to the province's cultural history." He also points out that, unlike the case of the Room, negotiations on the daSilva art treasures proceeded peacefully: "There was no intrigue, there were no heated exchanges and no recriminations."

With the resurgence of interest in folk artists such as Maud Lewis and Joseph Sleep, the significance of da-



manent loan of its seven murals.

Echoes of the Painted Room controversy crop up. The Room, containing wall paintings done by a visiting sailor at Karsdale, N.S., raised hackles locally when Ottawa carted it off to the National Gallery two years ago. It's still awaiting restoration there. But Riordon stresses the differences. "The Painted Room was done by an itinerant artist and most of the scenes do not reflect life in Nova Scotia," he says. "DaSilva stayed here until his

Silva's work looms large. Last year specialists from the now defunct Atlantic Conservation Centre in Moncton removed the murals from the carriage house, plank by plank. When the centre was phased out this winter, the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia asked the Canadian Conservation Institute in Ottawa to continue the restoration. The gallery has also applied to National Museums of Canada for funding to launch the major national touring exhibit which many feel will outdraw Nova

Scotia's 1976 travelling folk art show.

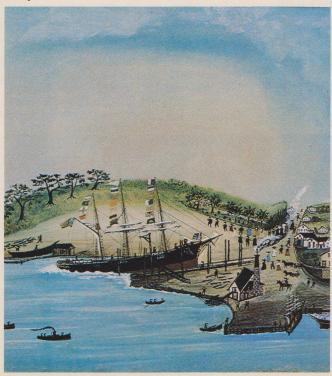
For Eric Nichols the planned exhibit is a dream come true. "As a kid," Nichols remembers, "I never guessed this would be the outcome of my curiosity. But over the years I couldn't get those pictures out of my mind." For Riordon, it's another opportunity to make a significant mark on the Canadian art scene and to justify the art gallery's emphasis on folk art as valid and timely. But perhaps most important, the daSilva discovery is evidence that a small community can save its treasures while lending them to posterity.

— Karen Casselman



Eric Nichols: A dream come true



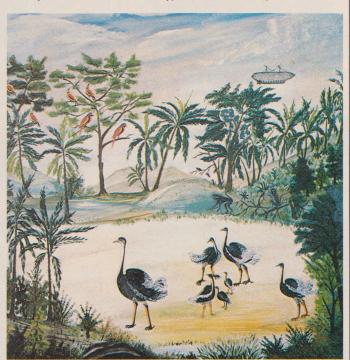






Churchill estate's daSilvas:
A complete socio-economic history, from 1860 onwards





Night Life

At last! Good dining in Charlottetown

The hot rubber sandwich is dead. Long live fresh fish

ining out on the Island used to mean roast beef at the local hotel. Menus also included the ubiquitous hot beef/chicken/turkey/hamburg/sandwich and, usually, it had all the charm of shoe leather between slices of flannelette, smothered in chicken-flavored Lepage's glue. It came with canned peas. In '74, the Department of Tourism tried to break the pattern. Its "Taste the Island" campaign supplied restaurants with recipes for dishes using Island produce, with quaint names that a Halifax consultant had dreamed up. The experiment was less than a success.

Two years passed before restaurantowners really tried to drag Islanders into the brave new world of good food. One of the first was Don Clinton, owner of the Dundee Arms Motel in central Charlottetown. The motel's dining room is in a Victorian mansion, and its décor is a pleasingly eclectic blend of Victoriana and Dutch blues and whites. It's the sort of place that sports those trendy, fishbowl-sized wine glasses that make a fully set table look like a brainstorming session for the Montgolfier balloon works.

The Dundee has good service and an excellent menu, which it periodically alters to give repeat diners a crack at something new. It has a large local following. This is one of the few places in Charlottetown that deems locally caught fish sufficiently respectable to

Minnie's: Great steak and extraordinary potatoes

serve. Its appetizers are superb, and its terrine de maison specially good.

The dining room is intimate and, unless you like to whisper, not a place for secret conversations. Crowding can also be a problem across the hall in the Hearth and Cricket lounge, especially when it lays on a singer. The Dundee is a fine spot for an evening before or after the theatre. In fact, it's often a good idea instead of a night at the theatre. In summer particularly, it's wise to make reservations.

If you don't like whispering and want some space between the tables, Minnie's Dining Room is a better bet. It's about a mile from downtown on St. Peter's Road, and some say it's the best restaurant on the Island. Like the Dundee dining room, it opened in '76. The chef and owner, Larry Wilson, returned to Charlottetown after years in Upper Canada, named the restaurant after his grandmother and set about emulating her cooking. Recently, Wilson built a second spacious dining room and lounge at the rear of the building. The lounge has big, white bamboo chairs of the sort you associate not with the Island but with a verandah in Malaysia, but it's useful as a holding area for those awaiting tables.

Of all the places where you can get steak on the Island (restaurant ads and listings fill ten yellow pages in the Island telephone book), Minnie's is

Dundee Arms: It celebrates Island fish



without doubt the best. It also serves fresh fish, but it's in the often-over-looked realm of vegetables that Minnie's really shines. Although the streets of Charlottetown are supposed to be paved with potatoes, your choice in most restaurants is simply, "baked, mashed or french-fried?" But Minnie's potato puffs give spuds a whole new taste dimension, which may be why *Gourmet* magazine recently featured Wilson's recipe.

Many Islanders see both the Dundee and Minnie's as extravagant, and recommend MacLauchlan's for "a real good meal." It's a motel dining room but the food is indeed real good. The decor proves again that, no matter how well you cover the walls, there's little natural beauty in a concrete basement. At MacLauchlan's, tartans cover just about everything that's not moving. It's a favorite among bus tours for older people and, in the summer, the big dining room is a sea of gently bobbing blue rinses.

In the kitchen, a busy group of what appear to be clones of everybody's grandmother prepares Island food, and therein lies MacLauchlan's magic. Just good food. MacLauchlan's is one of the few places in the city where you can get fish cakes and, with a little green tomato chow and a scoop of good sweet turnip, they make a meal that was an Island favorite before anyone ever heard of hot chicken sandwiches.

The Dispensary, another walk-down restaurant, is opposite the entrance to Confederation Centre. It takes its name from the fact that it shares a building with the oldest drug store in North America. The fondues are the best part of the menu, but the Dispensary also serves good lunch specials. The cellar houses a good pub and, thanks to inadequate ventilation, the pub has an authentic smokey atmosphere.

Pat's Rose and Grey room is opposite the Confederation Centre's stage door. This place is a renovated drug store although, on the ground floor, it used to be a pizza restaurant. Now, it's building a more complete semi-Italian menu. A big, busy place, it's becoming specially popular for lunch.

With the exception of Minnie's, these restaurants are all in central Charlottetown. Just outside the city there are good motel dining rooms, such as Rodd's and the Wandlyn, but they've sometimes suffered from uneven quality. You can also find several Charlottetown restaurants with good but not outstanding food. Sadly, it's becoming harder and harder to find a good, classic, hot chicken sandwich.

- Harry Holman

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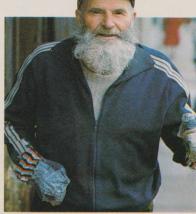
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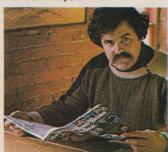
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Music





Barley Bree: "We don't have any gimmicks. We just get up there and play"

Finnigan: Good times mean big line-ups

Folk music's back in Atlantic Canada

But then, it never really went away

ts audience spreads from concert halls to lounges, from taverns to television. College students are in it, and professionals, businessmen, senior citizens and working people. They've come to listen, clap, stomp and maybe sing along themselves and they're all part of the revival of interest in ethnic music that's swept across Atlantic Canada within the past five years.

Seamus O'Hagan of Barley Bree, an Irish folk group that's moved to Halifax recently, says it's part of people getting back to their roots: "I think there's a purity in traditional music that isn't in the rock music. I mean, rock is all knobs and electronics. We don't have any gimmicks. We just get up there

and sing and play."

Traditional music also offers room for audience participation, and the successful folk acts here have learned to get the people involved early in the show. Jim Flynn, a solo artist and member of one of Atlantic Canada's most popular traditional music bands, Finnigan, once lived out west where "if you made any noise in a tavern they'd throw you out." It wasn't until the last four to five years that they started getting away from that in the Maritimes. Now the more sing-alongs and good times a tavern provides, the bigger the lineups are.

The folk boom is making itself felt everywhere. The Atlantic Folk Festival, now in its fifth year, provides a showcase for regional artists and is attended by thousands. Local recording studios are turning out traditional music albums which can compete with those available anywhere. Ryan's Fancy of Newfoundland, one of the finest traditional folk bands, will release their most recent work from local studios internationally.

Much of the traditional music popular in Atlantic Canada today draws on the Anglo-Gaelic tradition. But there's also a lively interest in synthesizing music from Micmac and Acadian stocks. Ronnie MacEachern, a popular Cape Breton artist who has researched much of the traditional music there in English, Gaelic and Micmac, is excited about experiments in getting Cape Breton's ethnic sounds together.

"We did a show at the Savoy Theatre (in Glace Bay) last year where the four cultures were represented and it was just incredible because it was the same music, the same feeling. It was different languages but everyone was singing their feelings and even if you couldn't understand the language, you could understand the emotion there."

The folk revival may be most evident in bars and taverns but its roots are in Atlantic Canada's more remote communities: The outports of Newfoundland, the north of New Brunswick, the fishing villages of Nova Scotia and P.E.I., the north shore of Cape Breton. Here almost everyone plays an instrument of some sort-fiddle, guitar, accordian-and music thrives in warm kitchen concerts and parlor sing-alongs. As folk artist Tommy Sweeney points out, "It's important to remember that folk music doesn't flourish in urban society, it flourishes in rural society. It flourishes here because it's mainly a rural area." But it also spreads well beyond the region, a tribute to the homeconsciousness of Atlantic Canada's wayward sons and daughters. "You can take a Newfoundlander and put him in

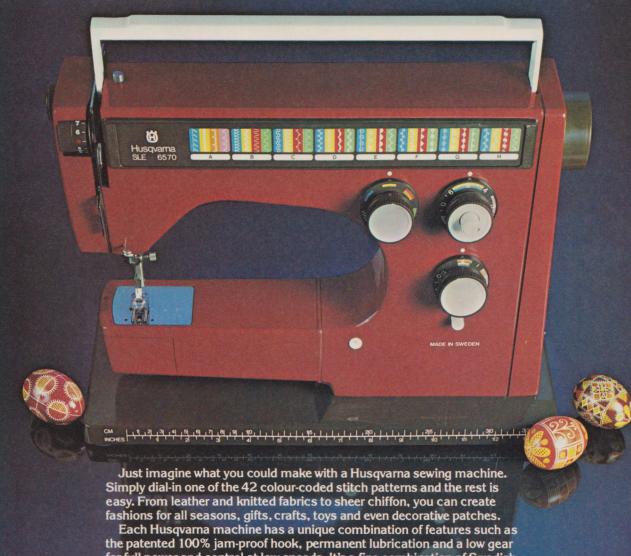
Toronto, but he's still a Newf," says Jim Flynn, himself from Marystown, Nfld. "Maritimers stick together in almost everything they do."

Lots of people who don't like traditional music are still captivated by Atlantic folk bands. The music is personal and individual presentation is allimportant, especially when you consider that many bands base their show on similar repertoires. Dave Hickey of the Halifax-based McGinty says ornamentation makes for different playing styles: "Everyone has his own style and, though two bands might be playing the same song, each will do it a little differently-it's like jazz.'

With traditional music the law of survival of the fittest usually holds true. What lasts is not just what people want to remember, but what they can apply to their own lives today. "I'm not as concerned about keeping the old traditions as I am about learning from them and letting them affect me as they will," says Ronnie MacEachern. "It's a lot more important to maintain a writing tradition than it is to go around collecting old songs. I think someone should write a ballad about radioactivity."

omeday a folk-music writer will do just that. But in the meantime, thousands who are more interested in escaping life's problems than recording them in song will continue to crowd bars, taverns and concert halls where folk music is featured, just because it feels good. "I've had people from Ottawa and Saskatchewan come up to me and tell me they've never seen anything like this out there," says Jim Flynn. "It's just down-home, foot-stompin', good-time music." And so it is. - Robert McLellan

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE, 1979



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Calendar

NOVA SCOTIA

June – Older Ways: Traditional N.S. Craftsmen, Hector Centre, Pictou

June 2 - July 29 — Plain and Ornamental: An Architect's View of N.S. Buildings, Des Brisay Museum, Bridgewater

June 6 - 9 — Provincial Theatre Festival '79, sponsored by N.S. Drama League, Neptune Theatre, Halifax

June 8 - Aug. 8 — Seals and Sealing, Firefighters Museum, Yarmouth

June 8 - 10 — Summer Fair, Sackville

June 9 - 10 — Lawrencetown and District County Fair, Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.

June 11 - 17 — Waverley Gold Rush

Days, Waverley

June 16 - Oct. 15 - Glooscap Country Bazaar, Economy, Colchester Co.

June 16 – Arts and Crafts Show, Caledonia, Queens Co.

June 22 - 24 — Bridgewater Summerfest '79, Bridgewater

June 22 - 23 — Glooscap Summer

Festival, Canning
June 23 - Garden Party and Sup-

per, Liverpool

June 23 - 24 — Uniacke Firemen's Fair, Mount Uniacke

June 23 - 24 — Evangeline Kennel Club, Middleton

June 24 — Summer Sunshine Series: Outdoor Performances, Graham's Grove, Dartmouth

June 24 — Armed Forces Day, CFB Greenwood

June 24 - 30 — Bedford Days, Bedford

June 28 — International Gathering of the Clans, Opening Ceremonies, Halifax Metro Centre



June 28 - 30 — Baddeck Handcraft Festival, Baddeck

June 28 - July 1 — Festival of the Strait, Port Hawkesbury

June 29 - July 1 — Mabou Ceilidh, Mabou

June 29 – Highland Concerts, Hali-

June 29 - July 2 — Gathering of the Clans and Fishermen's Regatta, Pugwash June 29 - July 2 — Privateer Days,

June 29 - July 2 — July 1 Celebration, Lockeport

mouth

June 30 - Strawberry Festival,

June 30 - Weymouth Day, Wey-

Caledonia, Queens Co.
June 30 - Fly-in and Open House,

Liverpool Airport

June 30 - July 1 - Atlantic Day Display, CFB Shearwater, Halifax Co.

June 30 - July 2 — Dominion Day Celebrations, Westville

June 30 - July 2 - Mira Gala, Marion Bridge

June 30 - July 8 - House of Roth Square/Round Dance Week, Clementsport

NEWFOUNDLAND

June 2 — Salvation Army Temple Band and Choir, Arts and Culture, St. John's

June 7 - Pentecostal School Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

June 9 — Final Judging, Crafts Competition; June 15 - July 15, Exhibits, and Culture Centre, St. John's

June 9 – Street Heart and Teaze, Rock Band, St. John's Memorial Stadium, St. John's

June 10 — Canadian Karate Association, National Finals, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

June 12 - 30 — Felicity Redgrave, Paintings circulated by Art Gallery of N.S., Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 12 - July 1 — Other Perspectives: The Newfoundland Landscape, Memorial University Art Gallery St. John's

June 18 — Academy School Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

June 26 – Godda and Zon, Rock Band, The Stadium, St. John's

NEW BRUNSWICK

June 1 - 30 — Treasures of the New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

June 2 - Subway Painting, Moncton

June 3 - 10 - Fiftieth Anniversary Activities, St. François de Madawaska

June 5 - 30 — Anne Forest Paintings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

June 9 - 10 — Loyalist Days, Kingston

June 10 – Armed Forces Day, CFB Gagetown, Oromocto



June 10 - 30 — The Juried Craft Show, Chaleur Historical Museum, Dalhousie

June 16 – Quispamsis Field Day, Quispamsis

June 16 – Burtt's Corner Field Day, Burtt's Corner

June 16 - Sept. 3 — Acadian Historical Village, Rt. 1 North River

June 16 - Sept. 3 — MacDonald Farm Historical Park, near Newcastle June 19 — Earl DeWare Memorial

Race, Brunswick Downs, Moncton
June 23 - July 1 - Pioneer Days,

Oromocto

June 23 - July 1 — Equestrian Week, Lameque

June 25 - July 1 — Seafood Festival, Baie Ste. Anne

June 25 - July 2 - Canada Week Activities, Fredericton

June 26 - July 1 — Salmon Festival, Campbellton

June 27 - July 2 – Scallop Festival,

Richibucto
June 28 - July 1 Seamen's Festi-

val, Bas Caraquet

June 28 - July 2 — Potato Festival,

Grand Falls
June 28 - July 2 — Ossekeag Days,

Hampton

June 28 - July 5 — Canada Days, Newcastle

June 29 - July 1 - N.B. Bluegrass, Old Time Music Festival, Moncton

June 29 - July 2 — Hospitality Days, St. Andrews

June 29 - July 2 - Rowers Festival, Petit Rocher

June 30 - July 2 - Summer Festival, Minto

June 30 - July 7 - Railroad Days, Moncton

P.E.I.

June 1 - 24 — The Little Boats, organized by N.B. Museum, Eptek Centre, Summerside

June 10 - Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

June 16 - 17 — Natal Day, Charlottetown



June 17 – Kiwanis Natal Day Yacht Race, Charlottetown Harbor

June 22 - 23 — Square Dance Camporama, Brackley Beach

June 23 – CFB Armed Forces Day, CFB Summerside

June 25 - Sept. 1 — Charlottetown Summer Festival, Charlottetown

June 29 - July 2 - Holiday Island G.R.S. (C.B. Jamboree) Fairview



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Books

Who killed Coffin? Was it us?

John Edward Belliveau, The Coffin Murder Case, Paperiacks, \$2.25

emories of certain days survive intact, bright technicolor documentaries of the mind. February 10, 1956 was like that, a blue crystal day of crisp snow-cleanness, and the Canso strait flashing an unaccustomed cheer to winter. That was the day Canada executed Wilbert Coffin for a murder many of us felt he didn't commit. It was a Friday, usually a day of joyful expectations for a 12-year-old. But this

Malcolm was with Coffin the last undistinguished days of his life, the days just before the deaths of three American deer-hunters-deaths for which Coffin would be blamed and executed. Someone from Ouebec had sent a helicopter to Long Point to fetch Angus so he could tell what he knew. In our kitchen he told my father: "Bill Coffin would steal the eyes out of you, but he wouldn't kill a cat." That was his judg-ment but it couldn't save Coffin. His word wasn't good enough. Perhaps that is why people were affected so deeply. The judgment and misgivings of ordinary people didn't matter.

The story got into our souls for another reason-wide newspaper coverage. At times, the press outdistanced Justice in the race for truth, and nobody set a hotter pace than The Toronto Star and its man John Edward "Ned" Belliveau. Belliveau covered the story to its limits and when he'd exhausted them, he burrowed into it far beyond the demands of duty. Who was Coffin? Who were the victims? What were the origins of the troubling contradictions?

In the end Belliveau had to go beyond the confines of the daily press to tell his story properly. He did it in a book. He called the book The Coffin Murder Case, and it was a pioneer effort in a genre which, in this decade, has evolved so quickly real reporters now cringe at its very designation-"investigative journalism." Belliveau did his story and his book when the exercise was still called "digging" or "research" or, for people in the high salary brackets, "in-depth reporting."

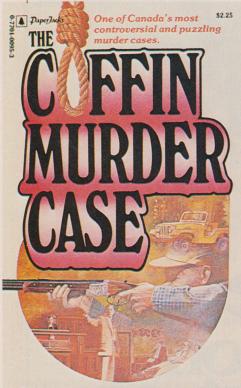
All of this is merely to welcome its reappearance on the bookstands. The Coffin Murder Case has been reprinted with an introduction and an epilogue which, while they add nothing substantial to the story, remind us that its principles are still vital.

The original text of Belliveau's book is compelling. He had the gift which distinguishes the good reporterthe talent to write bright, descriptive, and concise analytical prose. In a mere 170 pages he tells a complex story of Canada and Quebec in the fermenting Fifties, the inscrutable Gaspe from time immemorial, the character of Canada's bush people, shaped by hardship

through two centuries and fired by Depression and war in the Thirties and Forties. Out of all this we see Wilbert Coffin rise, intersect with the three American victims, and die somewhat as they did-in cold blood.

Did Coffin kill the Americans? When the worthy questions of our century are compiled to be conveyed to the next century, that should be one of them. We all killed Wilbert Coffin. Seldom in our system has the insensitivity of justice dealt so much suffering to one person, guilty or innocent. His seven reprieves; the refusal to let him marry before he died; the hangman's rope; the denial of the benefit of the doubt; severally unjust, unthinkable combined.

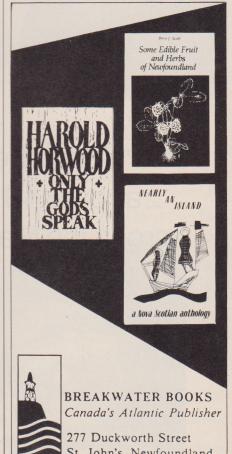
Few people knew or understood the Coffin case as well as Belliveau. One would have hoped that, rather than a simple reprint, he would, in his maturity, have approached the basic issues which, as a reporter, he had to leave alone. What was the significance of the Gaspe tourist industry in the disposition of justice? Was Coffin a victim of federal-provincial hair-splitting, French-English antagonism? Could Coffin's fate have happened to someone born in



JOHN EDWARD BELLIVEAU

was not an ordinary Friday. The country was full of misgivings and guilt. Wilbert Coffin was dead by hanging, as much for what he was as for what we thought he did. Coffin was a common man and all common men mourned.

Angus Jim Malcolm had sat in our kitchen a few weeks before, talking with my father about prospecting. Inevitably they had discussed Coffin. Malcolm and Coffin had prospected together in rough Gaspe bush, and shared the meagre pickings of the wilderness. Angus Jim



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Books

Westmount? Was Bill Coffin a premature metaphor for this entire damned country?

We will never know. Coffin is dead. Canada is, as they say in Cape Breton, into it now. The question doesn't matter, except perhaps in the context of a reviving national cry for the restoration of the death penalty. And there, too, I must yield to Ned Belliveau who, among the writings of Edmund Burke, found this plaintive inquiry: "Cannot I say truly, at least of human laws, where mystery begins, justice ends?

— Linden MacIntyre

Margaret's Memories

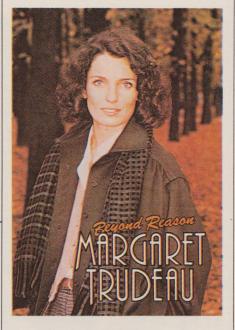
Margaret Trudeau, Beyond Reason, Paddington Press, \$12.95

et's admit what it is: A Harlequin romance with four-letter words and a reverse ending. "I don't, I realize, come out of this story very well," writes Margaret Trudeau in the epilogue to Beyond Reason, "I have tried at least to be honest."

How honest is a matter for pure speculation. But she's partly wrong about not coming out of the story well. For the first half of the book she comes off better than anyone would have expected. It deals with her early life, from childhood to her arrival at Sussex Drive as the bride of the Prime Minister. This was the period of her innocence, real or feigned, the time of her greatest appeal to Canadians and echoes of those times and feelings come back as you read it. How not to feel a rush of sympathy when Buckminster Fuller, hero of her Simon Fraser student days, comes to lunch at Sussex Drive and behaves like a boor? Or when she tells how the Prime Minister kept her as his "country mistress" for a year before their marriage while forbidding her the use of contraceptives, on religious grounds?

That part of the book ends as abruptly as did that part of Margaret Trudeau's life. Suddenly we're into the shabby, only too well imagined details of the transformation of flower child into instant celebrity. It's the least attractive part of the memoir and, of course, the one that's making it sell—already, by some counts, more copies than any Canadian book in history.

There are enough grammatical, syntactical, geographical, stylistic and spel-



ling errors in Beyond Reason to keep Margaret-baiters happy for a lifetime. The surprise is that this frequently silly, cloying tale can occasionally melt your resistance to the teller, the shining Canadian girl who never quite made it to woman.

— Marilyn MacDonald

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Movies



Milos Forman's made Hair an updated glorification of hippie values. Good news. It has one funny moment

Hollywood is holier than thou. Amen

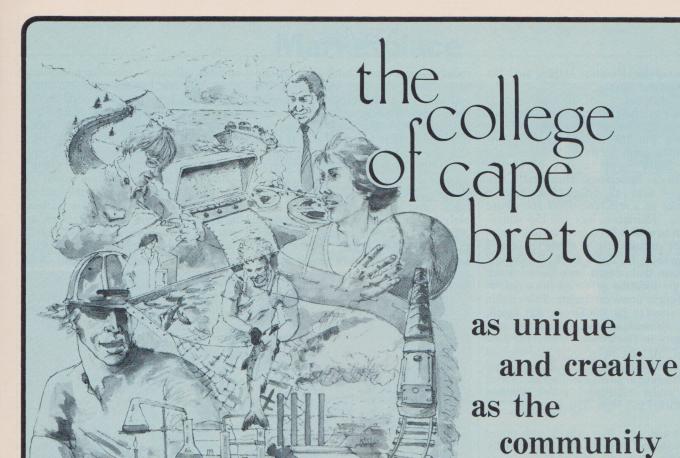
Reviews by Martin Knelman

et me offer the plot outline for what I think could be the blockbuster of 1980. A fearless movie critic, a veritable Woodward and Bernstein of the screening room, discovers a global calamity. A fearsome epidemic of self-righteousness is spreading over planet earth, emanating from Hollywood. The disease is characterized by delusions of moral superiority. In its early stages the symptoms may be acts of mere rudeness, such as refusing to leave a party you weren't invited to and, instead, dancing on a table while shouting "I Got Life" at multidecibel level (Hair) or marrying a person of another race and religion over your father's dead body (Hurricane), or cursing your boss when he refuses to put your expose on the six o'clock news (The China Syndrome). In its late stages, the dread disease has more serious consequences-religious transformations, public telling-off-the-authorities, freakouts, and flamboyant acts of martyrdom. The heroic movie critic warns that if the epidemic goes unchecked, the entire movie-going population could be infected and, within a few years, the entire TV-watching public. He demands that Hollywood be declared in a state of emergency and the studios closed. But of course the system cannot tolerate dissent. Instead of closing down, Hollywood begins giving out special Academy Awards for the most excessive demonstrations of self-righteousness. The most crippled by the disease dominate the talk shows and the magazine covers, becoming role models and culture heroes.

If this sounds far-fetched, rest assured it's mild stuff compared to what we've had on the screen lately. The hot new hybrid of the year is the morality play-cum-disaster movie, and it comes in several forms—hippie revisionist (*Hair*),

ecological issue-oriented thriller (*The China Syndrome*) and grandiloquent ersatz-Biblical spectacle (*Hurricane*). On the surface, these three movies may seem vastly different and aimed at entirely diverse constituencies. But on closer examination, you detect that they have a number of crucial elements in common:

- 1. A moral issue to get worked up about
- 2. A hero who defies the establishment and tells off the bad guys for the sake of human dignity
- 3. A bumbling martyr/victim who gets bumped off
- 4. A disaster suitable for the big screen (a hurricane, the Vietnam War, a nuclear accident)
- 5. Proof that we were right and they were wrong
- 6. A survivor (or group of survivors) with the function Hamlet



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Movies

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Taken as a whole, this crop of movies can be experienced as a veritable rain of righteousness pouring onto the screen. For inadvertent comedy, Hurricane—a goofy scramble of Earthquake and South Pacific worthy of Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company— wins all prizes. Nominally a remake of a reputable 1937 John Ford movie, Hurricane lays on the tumultuous special effects and stormy melodrama so thick that it winds up being a throwback to those Cecil B. DeMille clinkers that always gave the audience the gratification of seeing the wrath of God come down on sinners. This version was directed by the Swede, Jan Troell, who showed a true genius for epic imagery in The Emigrants and The New Land. At the helm of a star-studded Dino DeLaurentis package, handicapped by having to work in English, Troell goes under thrashing. His style becomes the kicker in a high-camp spectacle.

Adecade ago *Hair* was a high-priced Broadway love-in with the friendly mission of turning the audience on to long hair, dope-smoking, and choreographed coed nudity. In 1979, a movie of that mentality might be laughed off the screen, since it's too late to do Hair straight and too early to do it curly, as camp nostalgia. Milos Forman, who left Czechoslovakia in 1968 and has been systematically transforming all of America into a laughably provincial middle-European village ever since, takes a different tack. Hair has been conveniently restructured as a revisionist glorification of hippie values. With a master stroke of show-biz opportunism, Forman has turned Hair into a strident dirge to the innocent who were sacrificed in the Vietnam War: He's used American shame in Asia as a way of freshening up the material.

I don't mean to suggest *Hair* is *all* shrill and hateful. There's one funny moment—when someone comes away from a Central Park skinny dip and rushes out to the street, without clothes shouting "Taxi!" That catches the single-minded compulsion to get away that I felt coming out of the movie.

Jane Fonda is Hollywood's First Lady of Moral Superiority as well as one of its most highly charged performers, and my response to the performances in which she identifies with a cause is usually a mixture of excitement and embarrassment. In *The China Syndrome*, she plays a part that comes close to her own development from sexcomedy plaything to heavy political message-bearer. As Kimberly Wells, a

redhead cream puff who does idiotic light items about tiger birthday parties and such for a Los Angeles TV station, Fonda gives *The China Syndrome* whatever drive and conviction it has. Kimberly's aspiration is to break out of trivia and cover hard news—and she gets a sensational chance when she happens to witness an accident at a nuclear power station. The station chickens out and helps cover up the accident, but Kimberly is egged on by a nervy cameraman played by Michael Douglas. Eventually they get an inside worker—Jack Lemmon being weak and lovably mealy-

current disaster movie-cum-morality plays, this one has the most hysterical finale. Jack Lemmon puts his life on the line while showing human dignity and telling off the bosses; Kimberly Wells gets the biggest moment in live TV news since Ruby killed Oswald; and the station cuts to—how's this for irony?—a commercial for microwave ovens.

Which brings us back to the hero of my projected blockbuster. The fearless, truth-telling movie critic becomes an outcast. Visiting stars on promotional tours no longer seek interviews with him. Movie companies stop inviting him



Jason Robards and Mia Farrow in Hurricane: For inadvertent comedy it wins all prizes

mouthed again—to spill the beans in the public interest.

The China Syndrome was written and directed by James Bridges, who has acquired some snap and polish since his lacklustre movie *The Paper Chase* (which was inferior to the TV series it inspired). This film borrows technique from Z and The French Connection, though it's still visually as cheesy-looking as a made-for-TV movie. The characterizations are cheesy, too. The issues are presented in such a simple-minded way that the audience is never torn. It's the corrupt guys who want to make money at any price vs. the human beings who want to save the world from nuclear catastrophe. You couldn't call The China Syndrome a good movie, but it's watchable, and it sure as hell is timely. Just as it was opening in theatres, the story of the Pennsylvania nuclear leak hit the front pages. Not even Columbia Pictures could drum up that hot a publicity tie-in. Of all the

to screenings. Advertisers threaten to boycott any publications in which he appears. Editors stop returning his calls. The character assassination finally is complete when word goes out in a chic gossip magazine that this critic was so out of it, he wasn't trying to peddle scripts to the studios whose movies he was reviewing. Hounded to the verge of madness, the critic embarks on a series of exhibitionist acts of selfdestruction, like watching Hair from the front row without smoking pot, or staying all the way through Hurricane without giggling once. In a last symbolic gesture, he crashes the 1980 Academy Awards, seizes control of the microphone, and when asked to leave, dances on the podium while shouting, "I'm right and the rest of you are wrong." He is, of course, doomed. He expires before word reaches him that Jane Fonda wants to marry him. The official cause of death is succumbing to a standing ovation.

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Profile

Spider-Man rescues Halifax comics freak

The Hulk, too, helped free Owen McCarron from a life of drudgery

wen McCarron, 50, says he's old enough to read Playboy "but I'm into comic books," and that may be the understatement of his life. For McCarron is not merely into comics, he's happily, gloriously, furiously into them for 10 hours a day and, to get into them full-time, he abandoned a 32-year career as a jack-of-all-trades at The Halifax Herald Ltd. A freelance comics artist at last, he's turned a lifelong sideline into his only source of income. His puzzles for kids, featuring such immortals as Spider-Man and The Hulk, appear in 50 newspapers, mostly in the States. Every week, roughly 20 million youngsters (and others) struggle with the puzzles. Lately, McCarron has also been creating a monthly package of games, riddles and mazes. Marvel Comics, the hugely successful American comic-book empire, will publish it, but as McCarron says, "It's my undertaking." He's the writer, editor, and artist.

He works in a small office in a Halifax shopping centre, and you can often spot his shop by the kids peeking in the window to watch Iron Man, Dr. Strange, Ms. Marvel and others come alive on his drawing board. Some of those kids, he says, are fanatics. "They can rhyme off lines and tell you what volume they appeared in. They'll even tell you the page." McCarron can't do that but, turning pleasure into grist for his own mill, he scours comic books for ideas about weird characters and costumes to put in his syndicated puzzles, coloring books and Fun Books. He's been a comics addict ever since grade-school, and talks lovingly of such ancient heroes and villains as Tarzan and Dracula. McCarron, in short, is a middle-aged man who has managed to start a second career and, at the same time, plunge into a second childhood.

e's riding an international wave of comic-book mania. The Japanese alone read more than a billion comic books a year. Japanese children, students, businessmen, doctors and lawyers read them to relieve the pressure of a competitive society and, according to one recent report, "There are escapist, erotic comics for men in which pumpkin-breasted women (frequently Western and often blonde) are depicted as performing amazing sexual feats." In North America, however, such fantasies would never get the Comics Code Authority's seal of approval.

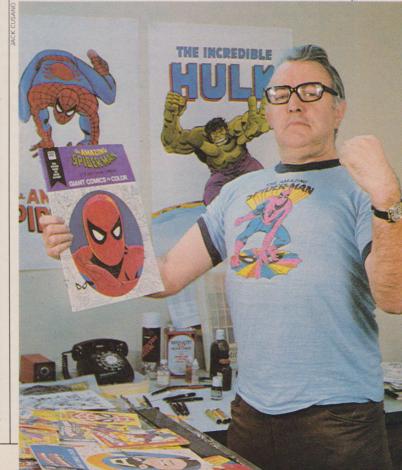
The CCA, McCarron says, outlaws depictions of nudes, homosexuals and boozers. He thinks parents' and teachers' lobbies exaggerate the effects on children of violence in both comics and television, and insists that comic-book publishers know and care about how they influence children. Once, he showed villains hurling Spidey into an ice-box but his editors, aware that children do sometimes suffocate in abandoned refrigerators, abolished the ice-box and put their hero in an ice cave instead.

"As a boy, I knew I wanted to illustrate comics," McCarron says. "It just popped into my head that this is what I should do." If ever there was a story of perserverance rewarded, it's his. He started sending stuff to comic-book publishers when he was 17, and got rejection after rejection after rejection. While working at the *Herald*, first as a messenger boy and later in the ad department, he kept on trying to sell his comics creations, and kept on failing. For two

decades. In the mid-Sixties, he and a friend put together a comic book about Reveen, the hypnotist, and Reveen distributed it at his show. Then, McCarron helped make comic books for Gulf Oil and the Kentucky Fried Chicken chain. But with Marvel Comics, the big leagues, he struck out again and again. "All this," he says, "makes me sound like The Born Loser (a comic-strip character, of course)."

One day, however, Stan Lee phoned. Lee is the man behind Marvel Comics itself and, for McCarron, a call from him was second only to hearing from God. Would McCarron like to draw some "Fun Books"? Yes, he would. He did three. Then Western Publishing of Racine, Wis., assigned him to make coloring books and, a year ago, a syndicate in Des Moines, Iowa, called to ask "if I'd be interested in doing a newspaper feature called 'Fun and Games with Marvel Super Heroes'." That was like asking a cat if he'd like a dish of raw scallops. Six months later, McCarron quit the Herald and, at an age when some men are contemplating early retirement, began his new life as a store-front illustrator of some of modern North America's best-known fantasy characters. He expects to continue drawing comics for the rest of his working years and, since business is good, his attitude is similar to that of Mad's big-eared Alfred C. Neuman who never stops asking, "What, me worry?" Actually McCarron does have one small worry: "If I break my arm, then I'm in trouble."

It's a bird, it's a plane, it's the hulk. No, it's...Owen McCarron!



Dalton Camp's column

Why the Tory worm finally turned in Atlantic Canada

Something dawned on us: "There's no such thing as a free lunch"

t is hard to say, with any precision, when it was that conservatism became fashionable in this part of the world. If someone had ventured the prophecy—25 years ago, say—that every government in Atlantic Canada would today be Tory, he would have been booked on charges of first-degree heresy. For one thing, it defied arithmetic. There were too many Catholics, Acadians, lawyers—what sociologists and tenured water-diviners call "core vote"—to allow any more than one or two occasional and aberrational Conservative administrations. Water would run uphill before you would see four of them.

From September 1, 1959, until June 26, 1960, three out of four Atlantic premiers were Tory, but on the next day, June 27, there were two. And there was one week, in 1960, between an election in Nova Scotia and another in New Brunswick, when Atlantic Canada was wall-to-wall Grit, as many thought it

should be, by natural law.

But here we are, on the threshold of the Eighties looking at an actuarial impossibility. From Petty Harbour, Nfld., to Connors, N.B., from Clarks Harbour, N.S., to Labrador, as Churchill might have put it, you can color the whole thing blue. J. Angus MacLean, the ultimate hole card who made this Tory flush, becomes, at 65, the second-youngest premier to be elected on Prince Edward Island in 20 years. Think about it.

I heard one political analyst put the P.E.I. result down to a resurgence of what he called "Island nationalism." If such it be, it's the first time in history nationalist troops have marched on Geritol. But much as I doubt it, it remains true that MacLean knew something about the present mood of his constituents that did not occur to his Liberal opposition, until too late: He swept to power without promise or platform, sensing that Islanders wanted nothing more from their government than less of it. He becomes the first premier in Canada whose only clear mandate is to mind the store.

This sort of happening must be disconcerting to all those Liberal practitioners who have always known what people wanted and who would promise, when re-elected, to give it to them. In this part of Canada, there has been an insatiable public appetite for more of whatever it was politicians were promising. Anyone who promised less was not highly, or long, regarded by an electorate fixed with the notion that politics was really an auction and, hidden in the vaults of every legislature, there was a secret cornucopia, known only to Liberals. This imagined horn of plenty would become an election campaign trumpet, every four years or so, which sounded in the land to summon voters to prepare their shopping lists.

In those heady times, Conservatives were slow learners; indeed, they were never entirely convincing when they cast themselves in the role of auctioneers bidding up the cost of government. Those who tried it lacked credibility. When the worm finally began to turn in the Maritimes, in the Fifties, it did so largely because of growing public pique over the discovery that what the voters bought from Liberals during elections they paid for in higher taxes afterward.

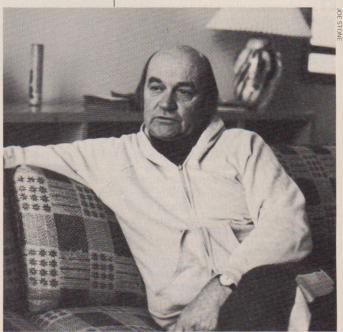
The awful truth of Milton Friedman's aphorism that "there is no such thing as a free lunch" dawned slowly

upon Atlantic Canada, but the first glint of light, surely, was in New Brunswick, in 1952, when the voters routed an entrenched Liberal regime which for two decades had been one of unparalleled generosity, but which finally had been obliged to introduce a sales tax.

The conservatism that is now so fashionable was first tried on in New Brunswick. Eight years later, the voters wearied of the experiment when the Flemming government introduced a hospital plan which it proposed to finance by premium. The Tories were swiftly succeeded by a Liberal party whose manifesto promised to pay hospital bills out of general revenues, without an increase in taxes. It was the last fling at the politics of cornucopia and to hell with Milton Friedman.

Today, Atlantic politics is for underachievers. It is, of course, also a politics of necessity, whose fundamental structure is that what you get is what you pay for. Those who have argued, since our political system was founded, that those who govern least govern best, had in mind Conservative administrations. While it is an idea untested in our lifetime, it's an idea, plainly, whose time has come.

Even as we mark or mourn the de-cline of present-day liberalism and the passing of its ethos, it is well to remember that the same tides which swept the Tories in will sweep them out again-which is not prophetic but inevitable. Still, this promising Golden Age of conservatism may signal the resurgence of a half-forgotten, old-fashioned Maritime quality, a thing called self-reliance. It seems to me -whatever else the pundits will find among the root causes of Tory ascendancy-that people who for so long used to bet on politicians have now begun to bet on themselves. If that's true, we may all enjoy the Tory renaissance knowing there will be something in it for everyone, perhaps even lunch, which if not free, may be at least free of tax.



ming government Camp: Are we rediscovering the old virtue, self-reliance?

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, JUNE, 1979

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